The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

For The Messenger.

LITANY.

BY A. M. SCHMIDT.

Lord of mercy, throned on high,
Hear our helpless, mournful cry,
Save, oh save us or we die.

Unto Thee we lowly bend,
Thou who art our only friend,
Bounteous mercy to us send.

Blessed Saviour, Power Divine,
Let Thy glory on us shine,
May we more and more be Thine.

May we from our sins be free,
As we raise our prayers to Thee,
Lowly sinking on our knee.

Hear us, as we helpless call,
Lend Thy hand or else we fall,
Lord and Shepherd of us all.

Save us by Thy blood once shed,
Save us by Thy pierced head,
Save us by Thy body-bread.

Father, Son and Spirit, Three,
Lowly come we unto Thee,
With our solemn Litany.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

MUST CHRISTIAN HERMENEUTICS TALLY WITH SCIENTIFIC DICTUM?

The labored effort, which some theologians of our age are making, to bring about a modification of the meaning of the Holy Scriptures, so as to make divine truth exactly correspond to every condyle and depression of natural science, is sufficient to raise the query, Will not the whole Bible have to be revised, and the whole Christian system re-modeled upon a modern scientific basis?

While we profoundly respect the noble men, who are ascending the hill of natural science, and those, also, who are seeking the grander heights of theology, we nevertheless claim the right (in ignorance perhaps) to differ from some, in both the fraternities, in so far as to believe, that there is no necessity for changing the views, which mothers have taught their children to hold for centuries, viz., That God created the heavens and the earth in six days; that a miraculous star guided the wise men to Bethlehem; that Balaam's ass spoke with man's voice. The creative work, which the Bible says was performed in six days, science says, required long ages for its accomplishment. Then, in order to satisfy the claims of geology, modern interpreters say, that the creative days are indefinite periods of time. Is it necessary to put this construction upon the simple narrative of Scripture? Is the testimony of science such as to justify such concession by the defenders of the faith? Let us glance at the testimony. Geology proposes to establish the proposition "Time is long," and tries to prove that it is so long, that it existed long before man was created. Evidence is produced to show, that the world is much older than the Scripture account makes it, unless the interpretation alone referred to is adopted. The Niagara river runs in a deep gorge with rocky walls for a distance of seven miles. Geology assumes, that this gorge has been cut out by the action of the water. The water is wearing away the rock over which it falls now, at a certain rate; and, assuming again, that the water has been cutting the rock at the same rate in the past, it would have required, according to one calculation, 31,000 years; according to another, 308,000 years, to wear away seven miles of rock.

This example of the means of calculation, which have been appealed to to prove that time is long, is sufficient to bring before us the general mode of reasoning employed by modern scientists, before which it is thought the ancient interpretation of the Bible must succumb.

The world is found in a certain condition, and certain natural phenomena are transpiring which produce a given result. Now it is found, that if these phenomenal causes had been active during an indefinitely extended period, producing the same effect at the same rate as at present, the result might have been a world such as we now inherit. Therefore it is assumed, that such causes have been producing such effects during such a period, and that the result is this material world, which could not, therefore, have been created in six ordinary days. Assuming that the earth is the effect produced by the cause, above referred to, it still remains for science to prove, that those causes have acted with uniform energy through all that formative period, which the six creative days are supposed to represent.

We are not, however, compelled to receive scientific assumption as truth, nor are we disposed to do so, until science demonstrates that creation was a natural process, and not a miraculous manifestation of supernatural, that is, of divine power.

If Christ could create bread without waiting for all the natural phenomena, which the bread indicated, to transpire, we see no reason why God could not create a world like ours, or one ten thousand times more complicated, in six days, or six seconds, which would nevertheless present to human vision all the indications of having passed through an indefinitely formative cycle.

If, eighteen hundred years ago, God, manifest in the flesh, lay in a manger in Bethlehem, a human babe in appearance, yet a miracle, before which all others pale, as does the moon before the rising sun, we can see no reason why a star may not have appeared in the heavens to guide the wise men from the east, which was never there before, and which, when it had served its purpose, set, never more to rise.

We do not believe, that God is bound by natural laws to such an extent, that He cannot, if He chooses, suspend them, or act independently of them. God can deprive a being of the power of speech, whose vocal organs are perfect, and why should it be thought a thing incredible, that He should impart the power of speech to a being destitute of those organs.

It often occurs, that a freshman imagines that he knows more than the professor who instructs him, yet, after he has sat at the feet of that same professor for several years, and has himself become a senior, he bows his head reverently before him, being conscious of his own inferiority. So now, young science lifts her proud head in the presence of divine revelation. But, need revelation, therefore, kiss the feet of science? No, verily. Wait but a little while, and Geology, Astronomy, Physiology, and all the children of science, humbled by wisdom, will vie with each other in doing homage at the footstool of Revelation.

D. P. L.

Selected.

THE VARIOUS CAUSES OF SCEPTICISM.

Mr. Gladstone, in his remarkable article in the *Contemporary Review* on "The Sixteenth Century Arraigned before the Nineteenth," and Mr. Baldwin Brown, in his not less remarkable address to the Congregational Union at Liverpool on Tuesday, on the explanation of the great sceptical movements of the day, strike the same note. They hold that the truest explanation of the shortcomings of scepticism in our generation is the fault of the orthodoxy of the previous generation. It was the practical paganism of the Catholic world, say both, which gave rise to the Reformation; and it was the one-sidedness of the various Reformers, which gave rise to the intellectual revolts of the later heresiarchs. Thus, Mr. Baldwin Brown holds, that it was Calvinism which caused Unitarianism. "Take the Unitarian heresy in modern times. He held that the high Calvinistic theology, coming perilously near, as it did, to the presentation of an interior discord in the triune nature, which was harmonized by the atonement, almost inevitably developed a community which could see only the unity, and felt itself called to bear witness to the vital aspect of that truth to the world." And no doubt not only is there very great truth in the general doctrine, that the degeneracy of a great faith almost inevitably leads to the sincere proclamation of some half-true but energetic doctrine, which is the natural protest against the spurious form in which that faith has been held—just as idolatrous tendencies in Christianity directly promoted the spread of Mahommedanism,—but those who know the history of Calvinism and Unitarianism, know how much there is to be said for Mr. Baldwin Brown's special illustration of it. At the same time, we cannot believe, that explicit reaction against a degenerate and implicitly heterodox faith, is the sufficient explanation of all such forms of error. Else what are we to say to the widespread atheism,—or to the still more dangerous, because colder and more indifferent, secularism,—of the present day? Is that to be explained as a legitimate reaction against the hollowness of any previous form of religious faith? It can hardly be true that *all* falsehood is half-truth, and is the proper cure for some deficiency in the previous profession of the truth. It may well be indeed, that, while the people of Europe were slowly learning to believe in a righteous and loving God, it was impossible for them to be taught to believe in physical law; and it may also be that now when the people of Europe are being taught the meaning and uses of physical law, it is not very easy for them to retain at the highest point,—the point of truth,—their belief in a righteous and loving God. Nobody can say that in dealing with "such creatures as we are, in such a world as the present," it is easy to give us a firm grasp of any great class of truths whatever, without loosening our grasp on some other class of truths, perhaps nobler and more vital, though it may be also, for that very reason, a class of truths less difficult to recover. Still, this is a very different thing from saying, that every form of explicit error is due to reaction against some still more serious implicit error in the faith of our fathers. Voltaire may have been raised up as a wholesome scourge of selfish superstitions, and yet it does not follow that every one who follows Voltaire has been driven into the rank of his followers by disgust for such superstitions. So far as we can see, the theory that the spiritual and moral law of action and reaction will account for all dominant errors, is an exaggeration of the function of a valuable, though limited principle. Doubtless, asceticism and monasticism lead to reactions in which the fibre of human character is dangerously relaxed; doubtless, mysticism encourages the growth of rationalism, and rationalism in its turn, some kind of regression to idealism and mysticism. Still, these complementary phases of faith are not sufficient, or nearly sufficient, to account for all we see; nor could they be so, unless man were indeed alone in the world, and the Hegelianism, which explains all his convictions as partly the growth of, and partly the recoil against, previous convictions, were true. What it leaves out of account is the free, reciprocal action—not necessarily determined by any considerations of this sort,—of God on man, and if we may say so without irreverence, since this is clearly the teaching of Christ—of man on God. Luther never forgot this most important of all the explanations of the growth or decay of the religious life. "We say to our Lord God," he said, "that if He will have His Church, He must keep it, for we cannot keep it; and if we could, we should be the proudest asses under heaven." And Luther implied, of course, that it might please God to humble the Church, to make it feel His presence less at one time, as well as more at another; to give it, for His good purposes, times of aridity, conventionality, and artificiality, as well as times of rich and flowing faith. And if it be true, as Christ teaches, that man may take the initiative with God, as well as God with man,—that times of trust are times of grace,—that knocking leads to opening,—that when man throws himself on God, God pours a new tide of spiritual life into man, then, surely, one of the explanations of a want of faith in the invisible, is a previous want of appeal to the invisible,—a self-occupation in thoughts and things which turn us away from the invisible, a life of absorption in the superficial phenomena of existence, a generation of outward interests and outward service. This is an explanation almost opposite to that of the law of action and reaction. That law would suggest that, to an age of too much outwardness and coldness, an age of pietism or mysticism would inevitably succeed. Yet such, is by no means the universal experience of men. On the contrary, the age in which it was said that "the word of the Lord was precious in those days,—there was no open vision," immediately preceded the age in which the Jews demanded a king, because their faith in that succession of divine judges by which they had been distinguished from the neighboring peoples, had in great measure disappeared. The times distinguished by the apparent silence of heaven frequently lead to periods which are relatively periods of secularism in human history, not to periods of true and deep religious life. And the recent access of atheism seems to be even more due to an apparent dryness of the spiritual life of man (which may be quite as much due to the will of heaven as to the will of man) than to any reaction from former superstitions. As Luther would have said, God has not thought fit to keep His Church as He once kept it. God may have willed that, for a time, it would be better for man to try to the full, what he could and what he could not do, without conscious trust in himself. He may have willed,—as He certainly appears to have willed during many generations even of the life of the people who were specially trained to reveal His mind to the world,—to withhold that stream of spiritual inspiration which is perhaps the only thing corresponding, in the religious life, to what the physicists call "verification" in the world of positive phenomena. We hear on all sides the complaint of the agnostics that it is not their fault if they do not believe in God,—that they will believe at once, if His existence is verified to them,—that, as Professor Huxley puts it, "no drowning sailor ever clutched a hen-coop more tenaciously" than they would clutch a belief in God which could be verified. If they do not exactly cry aloud, they yet seem to cry under their breath, with the prophet, "Oh, that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence!" in other words, that if only something physical might "verify" the divine presence for them, they would be only too happy to accept it. And yet in almost the same breath they declare,—and declare most reasonably,—that nothing physical could prove it, that happen what might, they could only interpret any physical event as a new aspect of nature, that nature is so large and so elastic, that no room is left in it for anything physical to rank as supernatural. Well, it is obvious that such a state of mind as this is one which could be changed by the direct touch of the divine Spirit, and by that only,—by an event of the soul, not an event of the body,—by the power which convinces the conscience, not by any power which only enlarges the experience of the senses.

But it does not follow that because no such event happens,—because the only verification of which the case admits, does not take place,—the agnostic has either, on the one hand, the least right to suppose himself entitled to assume the negative view to be true; or on the other hand, may fairly be regarded by those who do recognize as final evidence the influence of God over their soul, as morally inferior to themselves. Neither of these conclusions is true. The agnostic is not right, for his negative experience, however frequently repeated, cannot outweigh a single clear experience of a positive kind. But none the less, he must not, on account of this negative experience, be treated as morally inferior to one who has verified the existence of a divine will over him and in him; for if it has been, as doubtless it has, for the advantage of mankind that hundreds of generations should have felt the need of high social and moral laws, before ever social and moral laws were established and obeyed, and that hundreds of generations more felt the need of a clear recognition of constant physical laws, before physical laws were discovered and turned to account, why should it not also be for the advantage of man that certain classes, even in the modern times of larger knowledge and higher aims, should be taught to feel acutely the need of a divine light for the true interpretation even of those physical principles of order, which they are so strenuous in asserting and enforcing in their apparent divorce from any spiritual principle? We may say roughly,—a very great thinker indeed did say,—that during the Middle Ages thinking men were chiefly occupied in sounding their own minds, to see how much light the careful exploring of those minds might shed on the external order of things; and that a knowledge of the insufficiency of the study of mind to explain the laws of matter which followed. And we believe that the eminent agnostics of the present day may be said to be discharging the similar function, of exaggerating indefinitely the influence of material laws in things moral and spiritual, in order eventually to show their well-marked limits; that they are trying (and failing) to prove that material laws are the true keys to the knowledge of mental and moral life, just as the Middle Ages tried and failed to show that moral and spiritual laws were the true keys to the knowledge of material life. And it would be just as foolish to suppose the modern physicists inferior to those who do not fall into the error, only because they are not equally fascinated by their truths as it would have been to denounce the schoolmen as morally inferior to the first heralds of the new science, only for trying to deduce principles of astronomy out of the *a-priori* and abstract conceptions of the human mind. The truth is, that in every great stage of human progress there is, and must be, an undue appreciation of the step just made. In some sense, it may be said that Providence is the real cause of that undue appreciation. It is, of course, the divine guidance which determines the main lines of direction and intensity for human thought; and if the Creator withdraws Himself at times from the vision of men, or of some men, it is no doubt for the benefit of all men that He does so. To speak of those who do not themselves see God as "living without God in the world," is itself atheism. You might as well suppose that before the atmosphere was recognized as having weight and substance, men who did not know the difference between it and a vacuum, lived without the air they breathed. God is not less behind the consciousness of men who have no glimpse of Him through their consciousness, than He is within the heart of those who worship Him; and the only real rejection of God is the resistance to His word, whether it be felt as His word, or only as a mysterious claim on the human will which it is impossible adequately to define. We hold that, in a sense, God is Himself, in all probability, no unfrequent cause of the blindness of men to His presence. He retires behind the veil of sense, when He wishes us to explore the boundaries of sense, and to become fully aware of a life beyond. The physicists in every school are doing this great work for us now. They are explaining, defining, mapping all the currents of physical influence, and from time to time crying out, like Professor Huxley, for "the hen-coop" of which, like ship-wrecked sailors, they see no sign; like Professor Tyndall, for the elevating idealism which is conspicuous by its absence in all their investigations; like Professor Clifford, for something to replace the theism of Kingsley and Martineau. To suppose that men who are doing this great work,—who are mapping for us the quicksands and sunken rocks of physical scepticism,—are necessarily deserted by God, because they do not see Him, is to be more truly atheists than any physicist. There is a scepticism which is of God's making, in order that we may see how many of the highest springs of human life are founded in trust,—how everything else fails, even in the highest minds, to produce order, peace, and calm. The physicists of to-day are suffering for us, as well as for themselves. It is their failure to find light, which will show where the light is not, and also where it is. As Mr. Mallock well says, in the best paper he has yet written—that in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Faith and Verification,"—the pitiful cries of modern physicists, as they raise their hands to what they deem a spiritual vacuum, are about the best auguries we could have that it is not in physical science that man can ever find his salvation.

—*Spectator.*

Family Reading.

THE GOLD OF HOPE.

Bright shines the sun, but brighter after rain;
The clouds that darken make the sky more clear;
So rest is sweeter when it follows pain,
And the sad parting makes our friends more dear.

'Tis well it should be thus: our Father knows
The things that work together for our good;
We draw a sweetness from our bitter woes—
We would not have all sunshine if we could.

The days with all their beauty and their light
Come from the dark and into dark return;
Day speaks of earth, but heaven shines through the night,
Where in the blue a thousand star-fires burn.

So runs the law, the law of recompense,
That binds our life on earth and heaven in one;
Faith cannot live when all is sight and sense,
But faith can live and sing when these are gone.

We grieve and murmur, for we can but see
The single thread that flies in silence by;
When if we only saw the things to be,
Our lips would breathe a song and not a sigh.

Wait, then, my soul, and edge the darkening cloud
With the bright gold that Hope can always lend;
And if to-day thou art with sorrow bowed,
Wait till to-morrow and thy grief shall end!

And when we reach the limit of our days,
Beyond the reach of shadows and of night,
Then shall our every look and voice be praise
To Him who shines, our everlasting light.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE OLD MAN ALWAYS RIGHT.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

I take it for granted that you have been in the country, and seen a very old farm-house with a thatched roof, and mosses and small plants growing wild upon the thatch. There is a stork's nest on the summit of the gable; for we can't do without the stork. The walls of the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made so that it will open. The baking-oven sticks out of the wall like a little fat body. The elder-tree hangs over the paling, and beneath its branches, at the foot of the paling, is a pool of water in which a few ducks are disporting themselves. There is a yard dog, too, who barks at all comers.

Just such a farm-house stood out in the country; and in this house dwelt an old couple—a peasant and his wife. Small as was their property, there was a single article that they could do without—a horse, which made a living out of the grass it found by the high-road. The old peasant rode into town on this horse; and often his neighbors borrowed it from him, and rendered the old couple some service in return for the loan of it. But they thought it would be best if they sold the horse, or exchanged it for something that might be more useful to them. But what might this something be?

"You'll know the best, old man," said the wife. "It is fair-day to-day, so ride into town, and get rid of the horse for money, or make a good exchange, which ever you do will be right to me. Ride to the fair."

And she fastened his neckerchief for him, for she could do that better than he could; and she tied it in a double bow, for she could do that very prettily. Then she brushed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. So he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or to be bartered for something else. Yes, the old man knew what he was about.

The sun shone hotly down, not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for many people, who were all bound for the fair, were driving, or riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the sunbeams.

Among the rest was a man trudging along, and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow could be.

"She gives good milk, I'm sure," said the peasant. "That would be a very good exchange—the cow for the horse."

"Hallo, you there with the cow!" he said. "I'll tell you what—I fancy a horse costs more than a cow, but I don't care for that; a cow would be more useful to me. If you like, we'll exchange."

"To be sure I will," said the man; and they exchanged accordingly.

So that was settled, and the peasant might have turned back, for he had done the business he came to do; but as he had once made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to proceed merely to have a look at it; so he went on to the town with his cow.

Leading the animal, he strode steadily on; and after a time he overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said our peasant to himself. "He would find plenty of grass by our paling, and in the winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more practical to have a sheep instead of a cow. Shall we exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was struck. So the peasant went on in the high-road with his sheep.

Soon he overtook another man, who came into the road from a field, carrying a great goose under his arm.

"That's a heavy thing you have there. It has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string and paddling in the water at our place. That would be something for my old woman; she could make all kinds of profit out of it. How often she has said: 'If we only had a goose!' Now, perhaps, she can have one; and if possible, it shall be hers. Shall we exchange? I'll give you my sheep for your goose, and thank you into the bargain."

The other man had not the least objection; and accordingly they exchanged, and our peasant became proprietor of the goose.

By this time he was very near the town. The crowd on the high-road became greater and greater; there was quite a crush of men and cattle. They walked in the road, and close by the palings; and at the barrier they even walked into the toll-man's potato-field, where his one fowl was strutting about, with a string to its leg, lest it should take fright at the crowd, and stray away, and looked very cunning. "Cluck, cluck!" said the fowl. What it thought when it said this I cannot tell you; but as soon as our good man saw it, he thought, "That's the finest fowl I've ever seen in my life! Why it's finer than our parson's brood hen. On my word, I should like to have that fowl. A fowl can always find a grain or two, and can almost keep itself. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get that for my goose."

"Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-taker.

"Exchange!" repeated the man; "well, that would not be a bad thing."

And so they exchanged: the toll-taker at the barrier kept the goose, and the peasant carried away the fowl.

Now, he had done a good deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and a glass of brandy to drink; and soon he was in front of the inn. He was just about to step in when the hostler came out, so they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sackful of them—enough to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that's terrible waste! I should like to take them to my old woman at home. Last year the old tree by the turf-hole only bore a single apple, and we kept it on the cupboard till it was quite rotten and spoilt. 'It was always property,' my old woman said; but here she could see a quantity of property—a whole sackful. Yes, I shall be glad to show them to her." "What will I give? I will give my fowl in exchange."

And he gave the fowl accordingly, and received the apples which he carried into the guest-room. He leaned the sack carefully by the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot; he had not thought of that. Many guests were present—horse-dealers, ox-herds, and two Englishmen—and the two Englishmen were so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold coins, and almost burst; and they could bet too, as you shall hear.

Hiss-s-s! hiss-s-s! What was that by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast.

"What is that?"

"Why, do you know—," said our peasant.

And he told the whole story of the horse that he had changed for a cow, and all the rest of it, down to the apples.

"Well, your old woman will give it to you well when you get home!" said one of the two Englishmen. "There will be a disturbance."

"What—give me what?" said the peasant. "She will kiss me, and say, 'What the old man does is always right?'"

"Shall we wager?" said the Englishmen. "We'll wager coined gold by the ton—a hundred pounds to the hundred weight!"

"A bushel will be enough," replied the peasant. "I can only set the bushel of apples against it; and I'll throw myself and my old woman into the bargain—and I fancy that's piling up the measure."

"Done—taken!"

And the bet was made. The host's carriage came up, and the Englishmen got in, and the peasant got in; away they went, and soon stopped before the peasant's hut.

"Good evening, old woman."

"Good evening, old man."

"I've made the exchange."

"Yes, you understand what you're about," said the woman.

And she embraced him and paid no attention to the stranger guests, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse," said he.

"Heavens be thanked!" said she. "What glorious milk we shall have, and butter and cheese on the table! That was a capital exchange!"

"Yes, but I changed the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, that's better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything; we have just pasture enough for a sheep. Ewe's milk and cheese, and woolen jackets and stockings! The cow cannot give those, and her hairs will only come off. How you think of everything!"

"But I changed away the sheep for a goose."

"Then this year we shall really have roast goose to eat, my dear old man. You are always thinking of giving me pleasure. How charming that is! We can let the goose walk about with a string to her leg, and she'll grow fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl!" said the man.

"A fowl? That was a good exchange," replied the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens; we shall have a whole poultry-yard! Oh, that's just what I was wishing for."

"Yes, but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shrivelled apples."

"What?—I must positively kiss you for that," exclaimed the wife. "My dear, good husband! Now, I will tell you something. Do you know, you had hardly left me this morning, before I began thinking how I could give you something very nice this evening. I thought it should be pancakes with savory herbs. I had eggs and bacon too, but I wanted herbs. So I went over to the schoolmaster's—they have herbs there, I know—but the schoolmistress is a mean woman, though she looks so sweet. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. 'Lend?' she answered me, 'nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a shrivelled apple. I could not even lend you a shrivelled apple, my dear woman.' But now I can lend her ten, or a whole sackful. That I'm very glad of; that makes me laugh!" And with that she gave him a sounding kiss.

"I like that?" exclaimed both the Englishmen together. "Always going down hill, and always merry; that's worth the money." So they paid a hundred weight of gold to the peasant, who was not scolded, but kissed.

Yes, it always pays, when the wife sees and always asserts that her husband knows best, and that whatever he does is right.

GOOD STORIES SPOILED.

A London paper says: "All the world has been laughing at Prince Bismarck's story about a Russian sentry standing in the middle of a lawn. He did not know why he was sent there, the officer who sent him did not know, nor was the Czar, when questioned, a whit more capable of giving the *raison d'etre* of that stolid sentinel. It turned out that the Empress Catharine, just a hundred years ago, wishing to preserve a snowdrop from being plucked, set a sentry to watch it. The snowdrop faded, summer came, and yet the sentry remained, and there he remained for a century. The story is an apt illustration of the mechanical nature at once of the official mind and of Russian militarism. But we fear it is all but apocryphal, for a very similar tale is told in half-a-dozen countries. For instance, in 'Greville's Memoirs,' it is related that a sentry used to stand in one of the corridors of the Foreign Office. His only business was to request all comers to 'keep to the left.' Why they should keep to the left, or why he was sent to tell them to do so, nobody knew. Finally it was discovered that many years before, the walls being painted, a soldier was temporarily posted there to warn people off the paint. He had remained—or rather a succession of soldiers had—ever since. But a tale told by General Klinger, one of Gœthe's early friends, is exactly the same as Bismarck's, only in Klinger's anecdote it was a moss-rose which had been guarded for a century, and the lawn was one in front of a German palace, instead of a Russian one.

"But these variorum readings of the same story do not end here. The Empress Catherine found her son Paul charged with many thousands of bottles of brandy. As the Prince never touched that liquor she caused an inquiry to be made, and found that, when a child, he had on one occasion required a glass of brandy as a lotion for an excoriation on his leg. From that time a bottle of brandy had been either sent to him or charged to him. Hence the liquor bill. Finally, not to multiply these tales, not many years ago some inquisitive person noticed that year after year the sum of £40 was charged in the Estimates as the salary of a British non-commissioned officer in the Low Countries. He found, moreover, that it had been charged for a great number of years—indeed, nobody remembered when it was not charged in the English Army Estimates. This led to inquiry, when it was discovered that after the battle of Malplaquet, fought in 1709, the Duke of Marlborough left a sergeant to take care of some stores. The sergeant was in time forgotten, but, liking his post, took care not to remind his superior of his existence, and so continued drawing his salary to the end of his life, and his children, and grandchildren did so after him. We are afraid, however, that all these good stories must be bracketed as myths."

THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not. All the way
Is night. With Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm—one prayer we lift—
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less;
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee—
Thy will be done!

Though dim, as yet, in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice—
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with heated scars,
Thy will be done!

Strike Thou, the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of the loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain:
Thy will be done!

—*John G. Whittier.*

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

"I will tell you the secret of our happy married life," said a gentleman of three-score and ten. "We have been married forty years; my bride was the belle of New York when I married her, and though I loved her for herself, still a beautiful flower is all the lovelier poised in an exquisite vase. My wife knew this, and true to her genuine refinement, has never, in all these forty years, appeared at the table or allowed me to see her less carefully dressed than during the days of our honeymoon. Some might call this foolish vanity; I call it real womanliness. I presume I should not have ceased to love her had she followed the example of many others, and, considering the every-day life of home necessarily devoid of beauty, allowed herself to be careless of such small matters as dressing for her husband's eye; but love is increased when we are proud of the object loved, and to-day I am more proud of my beautiful wife with her silver hair and gentle face than of the bride whose loveliness was the theme of every tongue. Any young lady can win a lover; how few can keep them such after years of married life!"

In all the little courtesies of life, in all that makes one attractive and charming, in thoughtfulness of others and forgetfulness of self, every home should be begun and continued. Men should be more careful to sympathize and protect the wife than the bride—more willing to pick up her scissors, hand her the paper, or carry her packages, than if she were a young lady; and as no lady would for a moment think of controlling the movements and engagements of a young gentleman, neither should she do so when he is her husband. If by making herself bright and attractive she fails to hold him, compulsion will only drive him farther from her. I do not believe it possible to retain the friendship of any one by demanding it. I do not believe it posssible to lose it by being lovable.

TOO POOR FOR THAT.

Somebody once said: "Our Government land costs one dollar an acre and good whiskey two dollars a bottle. How many men die landless who during their lives have swallowed whole townships—trees and all!" There is food for reflection in this little paragraph. Every day of our lives, and almost every hour of each day, we meet individuals not merely landless, but houseless, homeless, penniless, who, in course of their lives, have swallowed ardent spirits enough to pay for land and house, and have dollars for their pockets besides. But it is not the drinker of ardent spirits alone who thus deprives himself of the comforts of a home—the tobacco chewer, the cigar-smoker, the young man who spends precious hours of each day and evening in worse than listless idleness. How rarely such persons reflect upon the folly of their course! The young man who smokes three five-cent cigars a day—and many of them double the quantity at double the price—puffs away enough in the course of ten years to give him a handsome start in business, or to provide for himself a comfortable home. How frequently we hear such persons complain of their inability to take a newspaper or a literary magazine, or purchase an interesting book. They will tell you they are too poor for that, and yet the next moment will spend for a glass of ale or brandy, or for a cigar, a sum sufficient to pay for two papers. And this folly is perhaps repeated a dozen times in the course of twenty-four hours. Young man, give this subject a moment's reflection. Sit down and calmly think it over, and if, when you have fairly done so, you conclude that it is better to drink and smoke, go on. The day will come when you will discover your error, and that discovery will be made when it is perhaps too late!

SCOLDING.

With some, scolding is chronic. Life is one long fret. The flesh is feverish, the nerves unstrung, the spirit perturbed and in a state of unrest. The physical condition and the material surroundings may have a strong tendency to disturb our equanimity and to exasperate our feelings; but we are to bear in mind that the scolding never did anybody any good, and withal grows to be very uncomfortable to the party who indulges in it.

Inappropriate to anybody, scolding appears most hateful in parents and ministers. Set to be dispensers of kindness and love to those with whom they are more especially associated, it is horrible to see gall distilled instead of charity that blesses both parties. Scolding turns a household into a pandemonium, and a church into an inquisition. Bear in mind that kindness and gentle speech are a great deal easier to practice than their opposites. Why practice the worse thing when harder? Arrest yourself in the indulgence of this bad habit right here. Begin now, and put yourself under bonds to be good-natured.—*Zion's Herald.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

BLACKING STOVES.—If those interested in blacking stoves will try greasing before blacking, they will find that it prevents them from rusting. Add a pinch of brown sugar to blacking just before applying. This causes it to stick, and it polishes much easier and with half the usual rubbing.

SUET SOUP MADE WITHOUT MEAT.—In your soup pot put about a quarter pound of butter; set on the stove; slice in four large onions; fry a nice brown, stirring all the time; put in four quarts cold water; one large coffee cup of split peas, well washed; boil four hours before serving; stir well with your potato masher; strain through a colander into your tureen. Many like tomato catsup in this soup.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Take half teacup barley; four quarts cold water; bring to the boil and skim; put in now a neck of mutton and boil again for half an hour; skim well the sides, also the pot; have ready two carrots, one large onion, one small head cabbage, one bunch parsley, one sprig celery tops; chop all these fine, add your chopped vegetables, pepper and salt to taste; take two hours to cook.

CARROT PUDDING.—Half pound each of grated carrots and sweet potatoes, half pound chopped beef suet, half pound each of raisins and currants, seeded and chopped fine, half pound stale bread crumbs, one quarter of a pound sugar, teaspoon salt, grated lemon peel and spice to taste. Boil in a mold or bag four hours. Serve hot with rich sauce. This is a winter dessert and a nice, inexpensive pudding.

A NICE WAY TO COOK CHICKENS — Cut the chicken up, put it in a pan, and cover it over with water; let it stew as usual, and when done, make a thickening of cream and flower, adding a piece of butter, and pepper and salt; have made and baked a pair of short cakes, made as for pie-crust, but roll thin, and cut in small squares. This is much better than chicken pie, and more simple to make. The crusts should be laid on a dish, and the chicken gravy put over while both are hot.

SWISS ROLL.—Take the weight of three or four eggs, in their shells; of finely powered sugar and the same weight of butter and flower. Melt the butter, add the sugar and the yolks of the eggs; beat the mixture well, add the beaten-up whites of half the eggs, then half the flower, the rest of the whites (also beaten up), and of the flower. When quite smooth spread it out, about half an inch thick over a well-buttered tin, and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes in a moderate oven; spread it all over equally with jam, roll it up, and put it into the oven again for a short time, sprinkled with powdered sugar, and serve cold; if liked, with a custard round it.

Miscellaneous.

THE WHITE ROSE.

Why so pale, O White Rose!
Thou art like the winter snows,
When beside thee here there glows
Such a blushing, flushing sister,
That we know the sun hath kissed her,
That his glance has never missed her.

Then the bright and garish Day,
With its brilliance fled away,
And its shadows soft and gray,
Following swift upon its flight
Came the silent feet of Night,
Down the distant mountain height.

In the shadowy garden straying,
Suddenly my steps delaying—
With delight my footsteps staying,
Is a creamy petaled wonder,
Peeping from its dark leaves under
As I brush the twigs asunder.

Like some pearl no flaw doth mar,
Like a lustrous, radiant star
Set within the sky afar,
Shining 'neath her glossy screen,
Lo! the pale white rose is seen,
Of the night and garden queen.

Cincinnati Commercial.

ABOUT CHURCH BELLS.

A very fascinating study, but one that has been sadly neglected, is that of church bells, and, therefore, a short time may well be devoted to learning something of their history, and more of their historical interest and romance.

They were, it is more than probable, introduced into this country long before the time of the coming of Augustine, in 596. It is said that in 550 Odoceus, Bishop of Llandaff, removed the bells from that cathedral during a time of excommunication; and earlier still they are assumed to have been in use in Ireland about the time of St. Patrick, who died in A. D. 493. In those days much superstitious feeling, as in later ages, hung around the bells, and many sweetly pretty and very curious legends are known respecting them. Thus, it is said, St. Odoceus, of Llandaff, "being thirsty after undergoing labor, and more accustomed to drink water than anything else, came to a fountain in the vale of Llandaff, not far from the church, that he might drink; where he found women washing butter, after the manner of the country, and sending to them his messenger and disciples they requested that they would accommodate them with a vessel that their pastor might drink therefrom; who ironically, as mischievous girls, said, 'We have no other cup beside that which we hold in our hands'—namely, the butter; and the man of blessed memory taking it, formed one in the shape of a small bell, and he raised his hand so that he might drink therefrom, and he drank. And it remained in that form—that is, a golden one—so that it appeared to those who beheld it to consist altogether of the purest gold; which, by Divine power, is from that day reverently preserved in the Church of Llandaff, in memory of the holy man, and it is said that, by touching it, health is given to the diseased.

The earliest known form of bells in our own country, both Anglo Saxon and Irish, appears to have been that of an inverted wedge—not cast, but made of plates of iron, riveted together, of more or less quadrangular form. They were not, however, intended for suspension, but were used as *tintinnabulæ*, or handbells. Examples of these are preserved in various collections. Many of the Irish examples are inclosed in rich and costly cases, elaborately decorated with patterns in relief and in enamel.

The towers of Anglo-Saxon and Norman churches show that peals of cast bells, some of large size, must have been in use in those days; indeed, Ingulphus says, in speaking of the peal of seven bells at Crowland Abbey. "*Nec erat tunc tanta consonantia campanarum in tota Anglia.*" The Crowland peal was destroyed by fire in 1091; the names of the bells were Pega, Bega, Tatwin, Turketyl, Betelin, Bartholomew and Guthlac; and they were succeeded by two small bells, given to the monks by one Fergus, a brazier, of Boston. An earlier instance of direct evidence is afforded by the Anglo-Saxon manuscript of St. Æthelwold's benedictional, by Cædmon. In this manuscript a tower is shown, in which hang four (evidently cast) bells of "sugar-loaf" form. Other illuminations also show bells hanging in towers, and proves that they were in use for actual ringing, not striking, at an early date. Egbert in 750 commanded "every priest at the proper hour to sound the bells of his church, and then go through the sacred offices of God." Indeed it may safely be said that, from the first establishment of Christianity among us down to the present time, bells have been a distinguishing feature of our country, and peal-ringing our national peculiarity.

In the illuminated manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, bells are represented of much the same general form as those of the present day. Mediæval bells were, however, not so "squat" and "dumpy" as, but longer and narrower than, modern ones. Mr. Ellacombe states the oldest known dated bell in England to be St. Chad's, Claughton, and to bear the date 1296; but I fear this statement must be received with great caution. Early dated bells—*i. e.*, pre-Reformation dated bells—are of very rare occurrence. Bells were formerly blessed, or consecrated, in honor of some particular saint—frequently the patron saint of the church where intended to be placed—and this is still occasionally done even now. The inventories of church goods taken in the reign of Edward VI. afford a vast deal of interesting information as to the number of bells then in the different church towers, as well as of hand bells, &c., used for other purposes. The "sacring bell" was rung at the moment of the elevation of the host; in some places a peal of small bells, worked by a wheel, was rung in place of the tinkling of a single "sacring;" the "sanctus," or "Saunce bell," hung in the small bell cote often seen in the apex of the chancel gable.

The decorations upon bells consist of encircling inscriptions, usually on the haunch; encircling borders both on the crown, the haunch, the waist, the soundbow or rim, and of more or less elaborate design; crosses of every conceivable character; figures of saints and angels; evangelistic and other symbols; heraldic bearings; heads of kings and queens; grotesque figures derived from mediæval literature; ornaments of various kinds—roses, fleurs-de-lis, crowns, quatrefoils, &c., and marks and devices, as well as initials and names of founders. These it is unnecessary specially to recount.

The variety of lettering used upon bells is somewhat remarkable, and many admirable examples, which might well be taken as copies for many decorative purposes, are exhibited upon them. On early bells the inscriptions are frequently wholly in Lombardic capitals, or in "text," *i. e.*, old bardic capitals or initial letters. Often, too, they fire in what are generally called Gothic capitals, and very commonly in plain Roman capital letters.—*English Antiquities*

A COLORADO MINING TOWN.

Eureka, to an Eastern man, is probably one of the most forlorn, unfinished, demoralized-looking towns in the country, and before going into details of the manners, customs, business, etc., of the place, I will, writes a correspondent, give a brief description of the town, so that you may form some idea of the situation. The town proper is built in a narrow canyon running about north and south.

At the eastern side the mountain rises abruptly above the town several hundred feet, the houses being built partly into it, each house having a storeroom dug under a hill. On the west side the slope is more gradual, rising into high hills some half mile out of town; while above and beyond all, the towering form of Prospect mountain looms grandly up, and asserts itself the monarch of the range. The center of the town is compactly built, extending for about half a mile up the length of the canyon, while the width is not much over five hundred feet from hill to hill. Three streets run the entire length of the town, with an occasional cross-street, stopping abruptly at the foot of the mountain on the east, or straggling up the sloping hills on the west side for a short distance, ending in a hog corral or ore dump, or anything else that happens to obstruct its further progress.

The town has outgrown the narrow limits of the canyon, and is spreading up the slopes and ravines on the western side, but with no regard to system or order. Men came here to make money, not to live; until lately very few brought their families. They needed a shelter, and a hut was as good as a palace; they built into the hills and under the hills, shanties of logs, of lumber, of stone, of everything that was handiest and cheapest. Each man built his cabin where he chose; there was no grading, no laying out of streets, no sewerage; footpaths and trails wound in and out from one to the other, until now the man who is highest up the hill throws his slops upon his neighbor's roof, or, if his fire gives out, walks out of his cabin and warms at his neighbor's chimney.

The principal street is Main street, which is entirely devoted to stores and saloons. The buildings are mostly mere shanties, one story high, and each one built in size and style to suit the caprice and business of its owner. The general grade of the hill is quite steep; each property owner builds the sidewalk in front of his premises to suit himself, so that, in walking up Main street you are continually climbing up steps, the sidewalks being somewhat on the plan of a terraced garden. On all other streets and by-ways there are no sidewalks; you can take your choice between the middle of the street or nearer the fence, and navigate as best you can between piles of wood and lumber or refuse matter, which impedes progress everywhere. Nothing is finished or settled.

A street is clear to day and to-morrow a pack train of a dozen mules comes down from the mountains and unloads a pile of firewood as high as the house right in the middle of the thoroughfare; a house or a cabin which to-day looks as if it had quite made up its mind to stay where it is, to-morrow is seen moving gaily down the street to some new locality. Nobody seems to have any back yard, or if he has he doesn't use it; all the refuse of the kitchen is thrown into the street. We have several times narrowly escaped a shower bath from the contents of a washbowl being thrown from the front door of a dwelling.

A GLACIER MEADOW OF THE SIERRA.

Imagine yourself at the Tuolumne Soda Springs on the bank of the river, a day's journey above Yosemite Valley. You set off northward through a forest that stretches away indefinitely before you, seemingly unbroken by openings of any kind. As soon as you are fairly into the woods, the gray mountain peaks with their snowy gorges and hollows are lost to view. The ground is littered with fallen trunks that lie crossed and recrossed like storm-lodged wheat; and besides this close growth of pines, the rich moraine soil supports a luxuriant growth of ribbon-leaved grasses, chiefly bromus, triticum and agrostis, which rear their handsome spikes and panicles above your waist. Making your way through this fertile wilderness,—finding lively bits of interest now and then in the squirrels and Clark crows, and perchance in a deer or bear,—after the lapse of an hour or two, vertical bars of sunshine are seen ahead between the brown shafts of the pines, and then you suddenly emerge from the forest, shadows upon a delightful purple lawn lying smooth and free in the light like a lake. This is a glacier meadow. It is about a mile and a half long by a quarter of a mile wide. The trees come pressing forward all around in close serried ranks, planting their feet exactly on its margin, and holding themselves erect, strict and orderly like soldiers on parade; thus bounding the meadow with exquisite precision, yet with free curving lines such as nature alone can draw. With inexpressible delight you wade out into the grassy sun-lake, feeling yourself contained in one of nature's most sacred chambers, withdrawn from the sterner influences of the mountains, secure from all intrusion, secure from yourself, free in the universal beauty. And notwithstanding the scene is so impressively spiritual, and you seem dissolved in it, yet everything about you is beating with warm, terrestrial, human love, delightfully substantial and familiar. The rosiny pines are types of health and steadfastness; the robins feeding on the sod belong to the same species you have known since childhood; and surely these are the very friend-flowers of the old home garden. Bees hum as in a harvest noon, butterflies waver above the flowers, and like them you lave in the vital sunshine, too richly and homogeneously joy-filled to be capable of partial thought. You are all eye, sifted through and through with light and beauty.—*John Muir, in Midwinter Scribner.*

THE NORMAN CASTLES.

The castles built in the era immediately following the Conquest were very numerous, and, considered in connection with the enormous number of religious foundations, which date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the building activity of that age was, perhaps, unexampled. In their construction, everything was sacrificed to military necessities, without the slightest concession to any rival consideration. Not a stone was laid except in the strictest conformity with the conditions of the problem, and every inch of the structure, from basement to battlement, was the expression and result of a single purpose. The very profiles of the copings were devised to deflect or check the flight of the arrow, and indeed every part of the work bears testimony to the over-ruling sway of an iron age. The rough fancy of the Norman breaks out here and there in the ornament he loved so well, and with which the ecclesiastical buildings of the age abound, but never to the prejudice or even to the apparent weakening of the main purpose of the building. Cushioned capital, and zigzag billet and chevron are found, but only in the crypt, or on some inner gateway, or for the adornment of the little oratory—seldom absent—nestling in the thickness of the mighty walls. Yet, in spite of the absence of deliberate artistic aim, the art instinct of their builders is everywhere felt. By fortuitous combinations of line and mass, the picturesque grandeur of the early castles is not exceeded by any of the works of man, nor is there probably any class of buildings the world over which has afforded the artist such universal aid and delight. To the novelist and the poet they are a never-failing source of inspiration. Need I mention Scott? The sight of a castle stirs his heart like the sound of a trumpet.—*Magazine of Art.*

Selections.

Great souls are always loyally submissive to what is over them; only mean souls are otherwise.

Jealousy is only the art of tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

A man may be sinful in the sight of God, and yet do nothing that hinders the outward order and prosperity of society.

Happy is he who has learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

Christ has entrusted me as a steward, therefore what I have and need not He shall have in His members who need and have not.

No one is so fond of secrets as he who does not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money, for the purpose of circulation.

Though the Word and the Spirit do the main work, yet suffering so unbolts the door of the heart, that both the Word and the Spirit have easier entrances.—*Baxter.*

Flatter not thyself in thy faith to God, if thou wantest charity for thy neighbor; and think not thou hast charity for thy neighbor, if thou wantest faith to God—when they are both wanting; they are both dead, if once divided.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal saucier. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your first appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

We may lose heaven by neutrality, as well as by hostility; by wanting oil to our lamps, as well as by taking poison. The unprofitable servant will as surely be punished as the disobedient and rebellious servant. Undone duty will undo the soul.—*Bowes.*

You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful. The former is the better education.

We have, amid all changes, three unchangeables—an unchangeable covenant, an unchangeable God, and an unchangeable heaven; and while these three remain "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," welcome the will of our heavenly Father in all events that may happen to us.—*Matthew Henry.*

Science and Art.

Success of Electric Lights.—The electric lights introduced into the light-houses, railway stations, and public halls of Europe, have, in no reported instance, been discontinued.

Coal Ashes.—The best purpose to which coal ashes can be applied, in town or country, is in making garden walks. If well laid down, no weeds or grass will grow, and by use they become as solid and more durable than bricks.

Utilizing Slag.—As about thirty hundred-weight of slag is made for every ton of pig iron, the importance of utilizing this waste product is very obvious. In England, slag has been turned to account in the formation of breakwaters, such as that at the mouth of the Tees. Bricks, paving sets, concrete and other articles are also made of it. Three millions of slag bricks, most of which go to London, are manufactured annually. Glass works are now in operation at the blast furnaces in Northamptonshire, where the slag is run direct from the iron furnaces in the glass furnaces, mixed with other materials, and converted into glass for bottles, etc.

New Cotton Warehouses.—New cotton warehouses are to be built at New Orleans sufficient to handle 2 000,000 bales of cotton each season, and a site has already been selected, with a river frontage of about half a mile in length. Every bale will be exposed to view, and any bale can be taken out without moving any other. The cotton will be taken out by traveling hydraulic cranes. The yards will be covered with glass roofs, and the entire levee, from the warehouse to the front of the wharves, will be covered by an iron roof. There will be eight presses, capable of turning out 2,000 bales of compressed cotton every twenty-four hours, or 16,000 bales altogether.—*Mail and Export Journal.*

Electric Spark Pen.—A new invention in the art of engraving, probably suggested by the familiar electric pen, has been brought out in Paris. A copper plate is prepared as for engraving, and over this is secured, in some convenient manner, a thin sheet of paper. The plate is then connected with one pole of a Ruhmkorff coil. The pen (presumably a simple insulated metallic rod or pencil with a fine point) is also connected by means of an insulated wire, with the coil. Then, if the point of the pen (which is bare) is touched to the paper, a minute hole is burned in it by the spark that leaps from the point of the pen to the plate. By using the pen as a pencil, a drawing may be made on the paper in a series of fine holes precisely after the manner of the electric pen, except that in one case the holes are mechanically punched out and in the other case are burned out. When the drawing is finished the paper may be used as a stencil. A printer's roller carrying an oily ink is passed over the paper, and the ink penetrating the paper through the holes reproduces the drawing in ink on the copper plate. The paper may then be removed and the plate submitted to an acid bath, when the surface will be cut away, except where the ink resists the acid, and those parts will be in relief, thus making an engraved plate ready for the printing-press. By this ingenious device, the artist, drawing upon the paper with the spark-giving pen, performs two operations at once, drawing the picture and engraving the plate at the same time.—*Scribner.*

Personal.

President Grevy will get a salary of $100,000 a year and $50,000 for household expenses.

M. Paul du Chaillu is about to publish a new book, in which he will relate his adventures while traveling a year or two ago in Sweden and Norway.

Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, has published an account of the Lambeth Conference under the singular title of "The Canterbury Pilgrimage."

Ex-Governor Marshall, of Minnesota, is now in search of his son George, a boy of fifteen, who has run away from home after an injudicious course of reading boys' trashy books and papers.

Books and Periodicals.

Coronation Hymns and Songs, for Prayer, Praise, and Social Meetings. By Deems and Perkins. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, Chicago, and New Orleans Dealers. Price 35c. sent by mail, post-paid.

Of making many books there is no end. And this may be especially said of Hymn Books. The plea for the one before us is that "Some hymns wear out," and that other and better books containing hymns that do not wear out, as well as new ones that are coming into existence, should be published. The work before us contains some Hymns and Tunes, that have survived the lapse of ages, and others that will probably be dropped in the next edition. The volume is neat and attractive.

Scribner for March contains the first of the illustrated papers on the Drama which were lately announced by the publishers, and it is stated that two others have been assigned to early numbers. This month the subject is Modjeska, incidents of whose life and career on the stage are related in a biographical-critical manner and with greater fullness than in any sketch heretofore printed. Especially interesting is the account of the pastoral life which the actress and her husband led for a time on a rancheria in Southern California, but which she relinquished with little regret to play in San Francisco for the first time in English. The text is written by Charles De Kay, and is accompanied by three portraits of Modjeska, two being in character, one as *Juliet*, and the other as *Cleopatra*, the latter an impersonation which has not yet been seen in this country.

Other illustrated papers in this number are, "A College Camp at Lake George," a sprightly paper by R. R. Bowker, with illustrations, both humorous and serious, by F. S. Church; "The Old Mill at Newport," by R. G. Hatfield, an architect who makes a new and complete study of this problematical structure, which he claims was built for another purpose, the writer's array of plausible arguments being re-enforced by reference to plans and drawings; a Buffalo Hunt in Northern Mexico," by General Lew. Wallace, a narrative of personal adventure, with drawings by the younger Inness, Kelly and Bolles; "The Passes of the Sierra," by John Muir, the result of fresh and original observation by this promising young naturalist; "Lawn-Planting for Small Places," practical suggestions by an authority on landscape gardening, Samuel Parsons. The serials, Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's" and Mr. Boyesen's "Falconberg," are also illustrated. The latter will be succeeded in the May number by a novelette by Miss Trafton, entitled "Achsah."

An important contribution to financial literature is Professor Sumner's paper on "The Commercial Crisis of 1837," which is brief but full and clear, and includes an account of the disastrous "Pennsylvania experiment." A paper on "The late George Rapp and the Harmonists" will reveal to many for the first time the peculiarities of this interesting and now moribund colony of Millenarians, who, under the dogmatic government of Father Rapp, adopted celibacy and relinquished their right to vote. "Some Western School-masters," by Edward Eggleston, is similar in character to the recent papers on the clergy by the same writer, and the anecdotes throw a good deal of light on the progress of education in the West. "A Glance into the 'Summer Alcove,' Harvard Library," by Miss Kate V. Smith, reveals some of the most unique bequests of Mr. Sumner, including a copy of Ossian, owned by Byron and having one of his MS. poems never before printed; a volume containing an inscription by Milton, which is reproduced in fac-simile, etc., etc. Prominent in the number are a paper on taste in manners and art, with the caption "De Gustibus," contributed by Mr. Charles L. Estlake, of furniture fame, and another of the droll Rudder Grange stories, by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "Pomona's Bridal Trip."

The poetry includes tributes to Bayard Taylor by Sidney Lanier, C. P. Cranch, Paul H. Hayne, and Marie Mason; and other poems by G. P. Lathrop, Emma Lazarus, Amanda T. Jones and Maurice F. Egan.

In his department of "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland writes of the late J. Blair Scribner and of Bayard Taylor, and discusses "Social Drinking." "Home and Society" contains something about the "Duties of a Man-servant" and "A New Aid to Housekeeping'." "Culture and Progress" has the usual quantity of book-reviews. "The World's Work" follows up the subject of the "Electric Light," of which it is keeping record, and records a number of improvements and new appliances. "Bric-à-Brac" completes the number with verse and sketches in a vein of sentiment or light satire.

St. Nicholas for March opens with a capital Arctic story, by Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, vividly describing "An Adventure on an Iceberg;" the illustration forms the frontispiece of the number.

Mr. Horace E. Scudder relates a story of "The Obstinate Weathercock," and its dealings with an Unterrified Colorado Beetle. For this story Mr. Alfred Kappes furnishes two pictures.

Julian Hawthorne's continued fairy tale, "Rumpty-Dudget's Tower," illustrated by Alfred Fredericks, is completed in this number; and the serials by Susan Coolidge and Frank R. Stockton have bright, fresh and fully illustrated installments.

Sarah Winter Kellogg briefly recounts a tale of the curious blessing in disguise which a Western schoolboy "Wanted;" Kate Foote tells of some "Pets from Persia,"—beautiful white cats; and Mary Bolles Branch records the episode of "Nannie's Little Muff."

"An American Mardi-Gras" describes the Carnivals of New Orleans and Memphis, and is accompanied by numerous and striking pictures of their queer masks and grotesque scenes. An illustrated article on "Oriental Bottles and Wells" gives an insight into the habits and customs of Arabia and the East.

There are a brief and simple art-paper, making plain the meaning of the term "Renaissance," and a description of experiments with the electric light and "A Wonderful Candle."

Of the poems in the number, J. W. De Forest contributes the "Plaything Sky," which has two pictures; Palmer Cox gives a funny dispute between "The Wasp and the Bee," with an illustration by himself; Mrs. E. T. Corbett, with the aid of comical silhouettes by Hopkins, describes the confusion caused among astronomical persons by "Dick's Supper;" and in some verses entitled "Calling the Flowers," Mary Mapes Dodge gives voice to the spring-time feelings of boys and girls.

The four large-type pages given to the "Very Little Folk," and the space occupied by "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Letter-Box" and the "Riddle-Box," are crammed full of dainty prose pieces, rhymes, pictures, stirring items, letters and puzzles.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. T. J. BARKLEY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1879.

THE PAST A PREPARATION FOR THE FUTURE.

On our first page will be found an article from the *Contemporary Review*, on the various causes of scepticism, which we think will be worth a careful reading. There is some notice taken of the fact, that one phase of thought may be the result of reaction from an opposite extreme, especially of error; and although too much stress may be laid on this, it is still something that must be considered in our estimate of tendencies. Extremes often meet.

But, independent of that, the investigations that lead men logically in one direction, and carry them beyond the bounds of the truth, by the power of their own reasoning, just as a river may be turned out of its course by a plowshare, when the force that does it, is that of the river itself, must also be taken into account. Such investigations may be necessary, in order to a proper estimate of the right, and they are often preparatory to higher, broader, and better views. History has always run into dialectic extremes, and gone to one side or the other, in its zigzag course. And it has been an advantage to succeeding ages, to note the rocks upon which others have split. The dispositions to heresies are checked by the study of the past, in which we see the signals of danger set up, like red buoys placed in the water to warn the mariner against rocks. Show any one that his experiment has been tried before and landed men upon the shoals of Arianism or Eutychianism, and if he is willing to learn, he will see the fault quicker in that way than in any other. Example has great weight, and illustrates the processes by which men often come to the truth. This is the way in which God seems to allow men to follow the light of the tapers they have kindled, and His merciful forbearance, is an illustration of His word, "A bruised reed will He not break; a smoking flax, will He not quench, until He bring forth judgment unto victory."

AT THE CENTRE AND AT THE CIRCUMFERENCE.

A writer in one of the leading English Reviews, who gives a picture of what is going on at the Vatican, confirms the idea that the Church, which makes such a show of strength out on the circumference, is very weak at the centre. This is shown by the character of the hierarchy and clergy, taken as a body in England, France and Germany, and contrasted with the same class in Italy. The Italian Bishops are but the creatures of the Jesuits, who are mere intriguing diplomatists, willing to play the part of Liberals in the Venetian, Lombard and Piedmontese provinces, in which the pope recognizes the sovereignty of Humbert I. as legitimate. The Bishops are utterly destitute of personal initiative, and are seldom gifted with either talent or learning, while the parish priests, if asked to a dinner of some squire of loose views, will, under the influence of wine, keep the table in a roar, by telling good stories as to the way in which the more skeptical and satirical of his parishioners are in the habit of treating the dogmas of Holy Mother Church.

The writer thinks very little progress has been made in the intellectual or moral condition of these functionaries, since Pius IX. said to Massimo d'Azeglio: "You may find here and there an honest and intelligent parish priest, but, taken as a body, they are mere dirt;" for these priests generally stand, in the scale of information and character, below the mounted carbineer or tax collector of his district.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

Even in a national point of view it is a matter of great importance, that the Christian Sabbath be kept sacred by the people, or, to say the least, that it be not openly profaned. In our own country, where every sort and variety of religious belief, and every kind of unbelief, are freely and alike permitted, there are, nevertheless, laws forbidding gross violations of the Christian's holy day. Men who are impatient of moral restraints, and who think that civil governments transcend their proper authority and abridge the freedom of the citizen by such legislation, are often heard to inveigh bitterly against the Sabbath laws. But so long as a healthy moral sentiment shall prevail throughout the body politic, infidelity and licentiousness will howl in vain. Statesmen and legislators, and the great body of the people whom they represent, are not yet, and, we trust, never will be, ready to remove this, one of the most important safeguards of the nation.

And, whatever may be the sentiments of ungodly men on this subject, there is but one general sentiment among all, who profess and call themselves Christians. All such confess that the Sabbath should be kept holy, according to the divine command, whatever differences of opinion there may be as to what constitutes its proper observance. Surely, in the Reformed Church, we need not plead for the Christian Sabbath. And yet, do Reformed people consider and practice as they should, what the Catechism teaches in regard to it? Is the teaching in our doctrinal standard, on this point, properly studied and practiced? Or, have not many of our people forgotten entirely what it is? Brethren, allow us "to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance." Turn to the 103d question of the Heidelberg Catechism, which tells us what God requires in the fourth command.

"First, that the ministry of the gospel and the schools be maintained; and that I, especially on the Sabbath, that is, on the day of rest, diligently frequent the church of God, to hear His word, to use the sacraments, publicly to call upon the Lord, and to contribute to the relief of the poor, as becomes a Christian. Secondly, that all the days of my life I cease from my evil works, and yield myself to the Lord to work by His Holy Spirit in me, and thus begin in this life the eternal Sabbath."

Now, the greater part of this presents nothing new or difficult to the generality of church members. It is plain enough to all, that Christians should frequent the house of God on the Sabbath, hear the word, use the sacraments, and engage in prayer and praise; and that the spirit of the holy Sabbath should rule in all the secular business of life, so that our lives here may be throughout in conformity with the divine will. But how about maintaining the gospel ministry and the schools of the Church, and contributing to the relief of the poor? Is all this included in the fourth command? So our confession of faith says; and it bears the united testimony of the Church—"the pillar and ground of the truth"—and can be proved by the Holy Scriptures in hundreds of places. Yes, it is true: all this is included in the fourth commandment.

Then, this being so, no matter how devout we may appear in the house of God—no matter how quiet and solemn our demeanor on the Lord's day—if we do not perform our part in supporting the gospel ministry and the Lord's poor brethren, we have yet to learn the full meaning of the Christian Sabbath. If charitable giving of our earthly substance is an essential part of true Sabbath observance, then withholding what we should give is just so far, and to such extent, a desecration of the Lord's holy day. Religion without charity is hypocrisy—keeping the Sabbath by following every rule for its observance except *giving*, is simply *to break* the Sabbath, in its most vital part. Not to join giving with the other parts of Christian worship is an abomination. The Sabbath is the day of offering—prayers, thanksgivings, works of mercy, money and other gifts. Sabbath piety is good, if it have all these traits. If we would begin the eternal Sabbath in this life, we must do as the Catechism says—join giving to praying; and unless we begin the true Sabbath here, we will never see and enjoy it in the other world.

K.

TRIFLING WITH SOMETHING SACRED.

The *Pittsburgh Gazette* tells of a young couple who were "almost married in fun." A minister was summoned to perform a marriage ceremony for parties who were strangers to him, and the bridegroom and bridesmaid, for a little joke, after handing him the license, stood before him and allowed him to proceed with the service until he was about to pronounce them man and wife, when some sensible guest took in the situation and told the clergyman that he was marrying the wrong pair. Then, the lady swooned away through fright, and both parties realized, that they had been trifling with a most serious matter.

The excuse made was that the offending parties thought the clergyman was only carrying on the joke—a presumption which was altogether unwarrantable. For, besides the fact that he acted in ignorance, no minister who has a proper conception of his office would make a jest of anything so solemn and holy; but such incidents should be a warning to people, who think they can make child's play out of an ordinance, which God has instituted as the basis of society, and which involves the most solemn consequences. There is no transaction, in which the act of the minister is more clearly recognized as an act of God, than a marriage ceremony. The whole world recognizes the difference which a few words, spoken by a minister, make in the relation of persons, and, if this fact were more properly considered by the young, it would, perhaps, keep them from a great deal of foolish talking and acting. The cases are not rare, in which either want of consideration, or sentimental impulse, have involved people, for life, in relations from which they could never free themselves.

GERMAN SYNOD OF THE EAST.

We are in receipt of a copy of the Minutes of the last annual sessions of this Synod, held in New York in September last. They form a neat pamphlet of fifty pages. This young Synod, the present being its fourth annual sessions, manifests a commendable zeal and activity in the cause of the Divine Redeemer, especially in view of the number of ministers, churches and members it comprises. The statistics furnish the following general summing up: Ministers, 39; Congregations, 36; Members, 7,709; Confirmed Members, 5,183; Baptisms, Adults, 18 and Infants, 1,436; Confirmed, 577; Received by Certificate and Renewed Profession, 345; Communed, 6,862; Dismissed, 85; Excommunicated, 62; Erased, 65; Deaths, 327; Sunday Schools, 36; Sunday School Scholars, 5,173; Students for the Ministry, 5; Benevolent Contributions, $4,196; and Contributions for Local Objects, $51,769. F.

THE GUARDIAN.

The March number of this monthly was distributed last week. It opens with quite a number of interesting editorial notes, which are followed by a choice poetical effusion, from the pen of Mrs. E. T. Corbett, entitled, "Jerusha." Rev. Dr. J. H. Dubbs furnishes an interesting article on "Glorified Childhood." "Lent Work," by the Rev. Dr. Seiss, copied from the *Lutheran*, fits in well with the present season in the church year. We have, then, an English version of the late Rev. Dr. H. Bibighaus' admirable "Confirmation Hymn." "An Artist's Studio at the Top of a Windmill," is a racy article from the pen of the editor. A somewhat quaint, but unique poem, after the style of Poe's "Raven," entitled, "Waiting for the Ague," closes the miscellaneous department.

The Sunday School department, which constitutes a most interesting and highly important portion of each number, contains the usual Scriptural Lessons for Sunday Schools, accompanied with appropriate comments. Since the commencement of the present year, these questions and comments upon the Lessons have been prepared exclusively by the Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser. He will also continue to perform the same service hereafter. A special introductory, explanatory of the circumstances under which he assumed this duty, will also be found in the present number. The Sunday School department, in addition to the above, embodies quite a number of brief items of great interest, relating to Sunday Schools and kindred topics.

The present number we regard as one of more than usual interest and variety. The publication well deserves the patronage it has thus far received, but merits and should receive a still wider circulation. The subscription price is $1.50 per year, in advance, with a considerable deduction when taken in large numbers. Address: Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch Street, Philadelphia. F.

AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

We were present at an illustrated lecture given by George May Powell, well known as an oriental traveller, and also as a writer, in the chapel of the Church of the Incarnation, corner of Broad and Jefferson streets, in this city, on Thursday evening, the 20th instant. The chapel was well filled with an intelligent audience, who seemed deeply interested in what was seen and heard. Beautiful calcium light pictures were thrown upon a large canvas, representing some of the most striking scenes in London, Paris, Milan, Venice, Egypt and the Holy Land. The whole seemed most natural, and accompanied by the comments of the lecturer, served to produce on the mind a vivid impression of the scenes pourtrayed. The entertainment was of such a nature as to make attendance upon it, both pleasant and profitable. F.

Notes and Quotes.

"The Hallelujah or Salvation Army," is the name of a religious organization announced in London. It is composed of lay preachers.

It is stated, upon the authority of Mr. Punshon, that there are thirty thousand backslidden Methodists in London.

The North Philadelphia District Conference has pronounced the license given to Sisters Sharpe and Stewart, by the Cohocksink Quarterly Conference, irregular, and refused to renew it.

The bell punch for registering drinks of liquor, is to be supplemented by a new description of "fanciful card," published by a New York firm, to serve the purpose of reminding gentlemen of short memories, in regard to borrowed books or umbrellas, and ladies, of letters left unanswered.

The *Lutheran* and *Missionary* is to be published hereafter under a new arrangement. Dr. Seiss, whose lease of the paper has expired, is to continue as general Editor, and Drs. Krauth, Shaeffer, Krotel and Muhlenberg have been appointed special contributors, and advisers with him in the general management of the paper.

The Secretary of the Navy, has been compelled to announce to the managers of balls, parties and Church fairs, that he has no bunting to lend. The department has been so over-run by application for flags, and the injuries, losses and troubles growing out of a disposition to gratify those who wished to do things under the stars and stripes, have been so great as to become a tax and a nuisance.

The Presbyterian says: "We have never heard of the Holy Spirit's being manifested in a church which makes its largest sacrifices in copper. We had the curiosity to look into a collection-box in a large Church not long since. We knew nothing of the spiritual condition of that congregation, but in one of the boxes that came down the main aisle for ministerial relief, were six twenty-five cent pieces, nine ten cent pieces, ten fives and sixty pennies."

The *Methodist Recorder*, which ought to know whereof it affirms, says: "There are unwritten rituals, that have many devoted adherents among those that are most emphatic in their denunciation of ritualism. There are brethren that have no written manual, directing them when to shout, or groan, or ah-hah-a-a-a, or "go into the rousements," or get the people "round the altar," or shake hands, that nevertheless may as confidently be expected to do those certain things at certain times, as though it were written down when to do them. A dead thing is no less dead because it lacks adornment. Rude forms or polished ones, when they are substitutes for spiritual life, are *effete*, offensive and not to be endured."

Among the Exchanges.

A writer in the *Christian at Work* thus touches up Church fairs:

"If poverty be our plea, there have been times when a good deal more of bodily comfort and personal adornment have been devoted to the upbuilding of Zion than our churches demand of us now. We read of the restoration of the Temple at Jerusalem, but we fail to find any account of the adoption of such expedients as we find it necessary to employ in the carrying on of church work. What should we think, if we should alight upon a chapter in Ezra containing a programme of a fair held in the Temple to help pay for the repairs? It might read something like this: 'A grand fair and festival will be held in the Temple, in the First month, the seventh day of the month. There will be an attractive art gallery in the Holy Place, and a Punch and Judy show for the children in the Holy of Holies. Three fair young virgins will preside at a lemonade fountain in the brazen laver, and an elegant ice-pitcher will be presented to the priest who receives the most votes. Votes, two shekels each.' It sounds strangely, but not more strangely than would one of our modern programmes have sounded to them, or to St. Peter or St. Paul."

Dr. Geo. B. Cheever, writing for the *Christian Statesman*, insists upon it that Secular Education is positively anti-christian. He will be understood as contending for the Bible in the public schools, and the article though lengthy, will be read with interest. He says:

"Under the secular programme in our public schools, nature herself is not permitted to discourse to your child of God. Natural theology is as necessarily excluded from your schools as revealed. You put your children as into a vast convent of training for this world's life alone, saying to the State, Give my child a commercial and political value; that is all I ask for him, all I want of him. I have no other conscience for him, and you must teach him to have no other for himself, or his country, or his parents. You put him as a honey bee into a cell, isolated from all celestial influences; a town of State hexagons, without telegraph lines, without post office stations, connecting him with any knowledge or sympathy above this mortal life; for thus are your schools mounted as on a glass pedestal, surrounded by non conductors, where there can be no communication with heavenly electricity or magnetism. You say, Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but then you compel men to stop; it is the only quotation from the Bible that you will suffer to be commented upon, and the other half you stifle; "unto God the things which be God's." By your rule of excluding theology, there are no things that are God's. Even at the State funeral you can have no prayer, but in dropping the bones shall have to say, Hold thy peace, for we may not make mention of the name of the Lord.

Now in all this theory and practice of government excluding religious instruction, instead of an example of the widest liberality and freedom, you are adopting the rule of intolerance. You are making a most invidious discrimination between consciences, and are taxing the conscience of believers to support as the rule of your State teaching, a conscience against all faith in God and his Word. It is, unquestionably, a discrimination against the Word of God, and against the rights of those who believe in it. It is a taxation to keep out Divine light. You make the darkened inmates of your household pay for boarding up your windows against heaven. The worst window tax that was ever invented was not so bad as that. You are taxing men who believe in God's light as belonging to their children, for the support of that which they conscientiously believe to be darkness, and for the exclusion of that which they certainly know to be the only divine guide of the conscience. No man is fit to be teacher, either of the laws of science or morality, who does not know that which he affirms to be true, but is so uncertain about it as to admit that a conscience against it has more just claims for its exclusion than a conscience in favor of it has for its admission.

If it be merely a conflict of consciences, then the question comes, which had the prior right; for possession, even in respect to title, is nine-tenths of the law, and the argument of ejections and the injunction of restraint must be very forcible to balance that right. Then the question, which conscience is in the majority? Then the question, which conscience pays the most, yours for ejecting, or mine for retaining? These are the considerations, unless it is a conscience toward God; and if it be not, there is no moral principle in it that can in any way be violated.

One says, You tax my conscience to teach religion. The other says, You tax mine to teach irreligion. One says, You tax my conscience to keep the Bible. The other says, You mine to keep it out, to expel it. Which

is the greatest outrage? For it was there when the school sytem was established. It has always been there as a law of the land, a right of common way that no special legislation can interfere with. Which is the greatest violation of Christianity and of the law of love, to take the Bible away, or to acknowledge and respect the conscience of its advocates?

The Bible is God's book of education for the whole human family. It is the book of salvation by which He seeks and reclaims the lost, and setteth the solitary and the savage in families. It is the book of family affection, endearment, patience, self-denial, loving discipline. It is the book, through the example of a family, of holy morals in society. It is the book of honor and integrity, the book against overreaching and bribery, the book of exactness and honesty in our dealings one with another, and with the State. It is the book of security for public officers against the passions of a mob, and for righteous assemblies of the people against tyrants. It is the book of covenants before God, between parties with mutual obligations, duties and rights. It is the book conveying and limiting the rights of kings and all that are in authority, and protecting the rights of subjects by interposing a conscience towards God, enlightened and made supreme by common knowledge of the book itself. It is the book of underlying principles for all forms and complications of business. It is the book for judges, jurors, and all courts.

If God made man, He has a right to a determining voice in his education. "He hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth, for to dwell upon all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitations, that they might seek the Lord."

Now put that address of Paul to the Athenian philosophers and the thirteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans together, as the lock and key, and mark their mutual fitness, comprehensiveness, and command; "The powers that be are ordained of God. For the ruler is the minister of God to thee for good But if thou do evil be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; but is the minister of God, a revenger upon him that doeth evil."

Our protection, therefore, against the despotism of government is put by God's hands in our own power, if we will teach our children these terms of His covenant. The education of a conscience toward God is the impregnable and only impregnable sea wall of our liberties against either popular or governmental despotism. But if the government can rightfully have no conscience towards God,—and this is the very teaching of some of our judges and preachers and editors—it cannot rightfully teach what it does not know, nor possess, nor exercise, nor can it be under any restraint or fear of conscience.

And if it be only a secular machinery for temporal purposes and affairs, it teaches the children to despise it, except for what they can make out of it for this world. For this is the very definition of the advocates of a secular education and that only, namely, "an education that would be needful and useful in this life, if there were no God and no future for the human soul." An education, therefore, that excludes the belief of there being any God and any future The government thus renounces all claim to obedience except only that of power, and all motive, except that of prosperity in this world. Might makes right. It teaches the children as their golden rule to get might, at all hazards consistent with safety in this life. It teaches the formation of rings big enough to surround the State as their captive, and carry off all its prizes as spoils of the governing party. It teaches the right of a majority to rule without any regard whatever to God. It teaches the characteristics of the unjust judge, neither fearing God, nor regarding man, yet because this widow troubleth me, I will get rid of her importunity, and eat my own dinner in peace. I will enjoy what is needful and useful in this life, even if I have to recognize for others a God and a future of the human soul.

[Communicated.]

THE ZWINGLI REFORMED CHURCH AT HARRISBURG, PA.

This is a mission congregation of perhaps two hundred souls, and composed of European Germans mostly from the Reformed portion of Hessia, but these members are mostly in moderate pecuniary circumstances. The congregation owns a two-story beautiful brick church, centrally located on a corner, with an additional lot adjoining alongside for a parsonage, and together is valued at about $7,000. The basement story of the church, built level with the street, may, with little additional expense be utilized as aparsonage, as many of our German churches in the West are thus *economically* arranged. On this property are yet due about $2,000, and to meet part of this pecuniary obligation, and ward off present danger threatening the Zwingli church, the Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser has been invited to lecture in this city for the benefit of this needy cause on the 7th of March.

Owing to my many years' spiritual warfare and *conquests* for my Mother Church on the Pacific Coast, I returned in October last, to my first battle field, Harrisburg, Pa., to recruit my broken health for future *work!* The Board of Missions committed and entrusted the dying Zwingli church to my fostering care. My first effort has been to breathe into the Zwingli church new life, and this accomplished, in part at least, its material interests must not be secured. Of course I am not supposed to have come 3,000 miles from California to Harrisburg to bury the Zwingli church or preach its funeral sermon. Lancaster Classis, within whose bounds this mission is located, has too many able divines to perform that duty better than I, and without my aid.

The members of Zwingli church, and those of the Reformed churches, and friends in this city and outside, have solemnly dedicated $5,000, already paid on this property, for the holy purpose of maintaining *German* service in the city of Harrisburg. Shall this sacred trust be betrayed? The members, two hundred souls, young and old, constituting this mission, were mostly born and reared in the Reformed Church in the Fatherland, and, therefore, they *love* their Mother Church as no proselyte can, and they also have an *inherited* claim to the fostering care and comfort from their neighboring Reformed churches and brethren, whether English-speaking now or yet using the German in their worship. These good people have hitherto, with pious loyalty, refused to yield to the many cordial invitations to membership in the two flourishing German Lutheran and one German Evangelical churches in this city, and formed their own, not Lutheran, but *Reformed Zwingli*, church in this city, and new home of their own adoptio. They would gladly have saved themselves all the expense and attending trouble of a new, weak, and a distinctly German church in this peculiar German English Penna. city, and attend the other two existing English Reformed churches here, if they could understand and appreciate an English sermon, be edified by English prayers, and forget to sing the surpassing melodies of their mother tongue. The Zwingli church is German and requires hoch deutsche Predigt.

It might be asked, How is this German church ever to become self supporting? I answer, Where these Germans, now constituting the present organization have come from, others may come to swell this number. For immediate additional strength to this mission, add another in some neighboring town, English or German, and let the missionary be able to preach acceptably in both languages, if required. One Lutheran and the only Evangelical preachers are thus strengthening their respective churches in this city. Then let this debt be paid off speedily, and with a reasonable increase of membership and their liberality, the Zwingli church may be saved, and become self-sustaining and prosperous in a few years. That's how.

But if other missions, *English*, in the East may be supported by the Board, for a period of fifteen or twenty years, and yet be pronounced "hopeful," why should not the only Reformed German church in the capital of Penna.! Because it is German?

The Keystone State of all the United States is the German State, and not to have any more Reformed German preaching in its capital would indeed be pronounced a seventh wonder in years to come, if ignored at the present. What would our pious German fathers and mothers say, who used to worship in the German only in Harrisburg, if they were consulted on this subject of saving the Zwingli church at Harrisburg! Verily, "Unsre kinder sind eirisch geworden sonst würden sie ihre Mutter sprache ehren."

Two thousand dollars will save the Zwingli congregation, with their beautiful property—a neat and substantial house of worship and parsonage. Who will help this cause and honor his Church and the capital of the proud and honored Keystone State? F. Fox.

[Communicated.]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION OF TOHICKON CLASSIS.

The third convention of ministers, elders and superintendents from the Sunday Schools of Tohickon Classis, for the purpose of discussing topics pertaining to Sunday School work, was held in Lower Saucon Church near Hellertown on the 4th and 5th of February. The convention assembled on the evening of the 4th, and opened with divine services, the Pres., Rev. A. B. Koplin, and Sec., Rev. N. Z. Snyder, occupying their chairs. The first subject under discussions, was opened by Rev. David Rothrock on "The way to keep open Sunday Schools during the winter months in the country." This subject was ably handled by the speaker. He brought out plainly and distinctly, that the Sunday Schools in the country could be kept open just as well in winter as in summer, if the parents, teachers and scholars felt a true interest in the work of Christ; but this, we are sorry to say, seems to be lacking somewhat, but we hope and pray to God that this may in time come to be changed.

The second topic, "The Literature of the Sunday School," was opened by Rev. R. L. Gerhart. This is a question of vital importance, and was treated as follows: 1st, Different classes of scholars require different grades of books." We cannot expect a small child to be able to read and understand as well as a grown person. Therefore care should be taken in selecting books. 2nd, "Difficulty of interesting scholars." 3rd, "Improper books.' 4th, "Moulding power of books." Every book should be carefully examined by some competent person, so that not so many of those books are found in the libraries which teach false religious views, false views of morality and false views of life. Too much care cannot be taken, for there is the same moulding power in books if we have them as associates, as there is in our companions. Therefore our superintendents should be careful what books they choose to be placed in the Sunday School libraries. Both these topics were discussed by the different brethren and lay delegates present, after which the exercises were closed for the evening. Convention met in the morning at 9½ o'clock.

The topic "The relation of the teacher to the scholar" was opened by Rev. Mohr, who was followed by others. This subject was well discussed, and all present could see that there is a high and holy relation existing between teacher and scholar. The teacher should feel that he occupies a responsible position, and that his words, deeds and actions were such that his scholars could follow in his footsteps. He should feel an interest in his scholars, and warn them from evil, and make them feel that there is always a watchful eye over them. After this point has been gained, he will have done a noble deed.

The topic "The duty of Sunday Schools to orphan homes" was opened by Rev. Roth, who was followed by others. The speaker explained to the scholars present that the homes of the orphans were property of the church, and being the Sunday School was part of the church, to wit: a living integral part thereof, that these homes belonged to them as well as to those who were confirmed; because those who are baptized are members of the Church.

This being the case, the relation of the Sunday School to the orphan homes is a direct and living one, and they should therefore be willing, and it is also their bounden duty, to give their alms for the orphans. Very many say charity should begin at home, that is true; but it should not remain there. Teachers should imbue their scholars to bring gifts for the orphans, if they are small, when put together they will amount to a great deal. After this subject had been discussed pretty thoroughly the time for adjournment arrived.

In the afternoon Rev. Gerhart delivered a lecture on the "General hisory of the Sunday School." This was followed by a discussion on the same by the members present. Evening session was opened at 7 o'clock with Divine services. "How are Sunday Schools held in public school-houses to be treated, and what is to be done with them," was the subject on which an essay was read by Jer. S. Hess, A. M. The same was ably handled and by a unanimous vote of the Convention the writer was requested to send it to the MESSENGER, so that its force might be felt further than only within the bounds of this Convention.

The subject of "Duty of parents to the Sunday School" was opened by Rev. N. Z. Snyder, who was followed by others. Parents should feel a true interest in the Sunday School, and not be throwing missiles in the way. They should see that their children obey, are punctual, and that they have their lessons well prepared. But this however is not all, they should be liberal towards the Sunday School financially.

The sessions of the Convention were attended by the Saucon Sunday School and the singing throughout the same was rendered by them. The attendance throughout all the sessions by the members of the Lower Saucon congregation was good. Great interest seemed to have been taken by them in the discussions. The Convention proved to be all that could be expected, with one exception greatly to be regretted, namely,—several ministers who had been appointed to open discussions on different topics did not come, neither did they send their Essays. This should not be so, for it is setting a bad example for the lay members to follow. Ministers should be very careful, when they have a duty to perform, that they do not shirk the same; for their lay members are very apt to watch those things, and will sooner follow in those footsteps than the contrary. Fot we are prone by nature to follow the wrong instead of the right.

Your correspondent, therefore, hopes and furthermore requests those brethren not to falter again, and shirk their duty in the future, but to be present at the next Convention, which will be held at Reiglesville in Rev. Gerhart's church. Convention adjourned with the Lord's Prayer, Doxology and Benediction. M. J. H.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

At a special meeting of the West Susquehanna Classis, held at Lewisburg on the 13th inst., the Rev. G. E. Addams was dismissed to the Zion's Classis. His resignation as Treasurer of Classis was accepted, and Rev W. A. Haas was appointed Treasurer until the next annual meeting of Classis.

Rev. A. C. Whitmer was received from the Mercersburg Classis. His call to the Mifflinburg charge was confirmed, and Revs. W. W. Clouser, S. S. Kohler, John Dotterer and A. B. Caspar, were appointed a committee to attend to his installation.

Rev. Wm. C. Schaeffer was installed pastor of the Danville, Pa., charge, by a committee of the East Susquehanna Classis. The installation took place on the 14th of February.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was administered in the St. John's church, of the Centre Hall charge of which the Rev. S. M. Roeder is pastor, on the 16th of February. One person was added to the church by confirmation. Services preparatory to the communion were held during the previous week.

On Sunday evening, an organ recently purchased by the congregation, was dedicated to the worship of God. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, from the cl. Psalm. A large audience was present, and a deep interest in the services was manifested. The means for purchasing the organ were furnished mainly by one individual. In all human probability, he may not be permitted to hear its melodious tones during a very long period. Still, he felt it to be his duty to do something, in a tangible way, for the prosperity of his Master's kingdom, in the hope, that the rising generation may turn this musical instrument to profitable account in the service of the sanctuary. The motive is a commendable one, and the act is worthy of imitation, in every form in which it may find suitable expression.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The Rev. D. M. Whitmore, pastor of Friend's Cove charge, Bedford county, Pa., writes encouragingly of the condition of things in his charge. His people are active and efficient, and manifest a commendable degree of liberality, though they have experienced to a greater or lesser extent, the general pecuniary pressure of the times.

Last Summer, the pastor, by permission of Classis, organized a new congregation of forty members in the upper part of the Cove. The services have hitherto been held in a school-house and borrowed churches. The members of the new congregation are encouraged in their enterprize, and purpose building themselves a church during the coming Summer. A building committee has been appointed, and arrangements are being made to carry forward the work. The church is to be thirty-five by fifty five feet in dimensions.

At a recent communion in Trinity church, nineteen persons were confirmed. They had been under special catechetical instruction by the pastor during a period of two years. With one confirmed in September last, and one received by certificate, the recent additions to the congregations number twenty-one. Six persons were also added to the Brick church, which is the parent congregation, some time ago, four of whom received adult baptism.

The "Hanover Herald" of the 15th of February, announces, that on the previous Sunday morning, the Rev. John Ault, pastor of the Littlestown charge, whilst reading the hymn at the close of the service, fell over senseless in the pulpit. He was at once removed to a neighboring dwelling, and medical attendance summoned. It was, however, several hours before he returned to consciousness. We are gratified to be able to state, that he has since, in a great measure, recovered, and contemplates resuming his labors, as usual.

"The physicians state," the "Herald" adds, "that it was a case of nervous and mental prostration, brought about by over work. Mr. Ault has an extensive field, geographically and numerically, there being about one thousand members. Since the holidays, he has been laboring very zealously. His pastoral duties have kept him going almost day and night. He has preached nearly forty times since New Year's day. This continuous strain bore its fruit, and on Sunday morning, the overworked pastor was stricken down."

Mr. Ault states, that he preached with much ease to himself on the occasion, and had no premonitions of the attack. The church was full of people, and, as might be expected, intense excitement prevailed. The propriety of dividing his charge, for the purpose of lessening his labors, has been spoken of, and the present occurrence should urge all directly concerned to bring about such a measure as speedily as possible. The people are abundantly able to sustain one or two more pastors, and their interests, as well as those of the pastor, require, that they should lessen the strain excessive labor is making upon him.

The "Morning Tribune" of Altoona, Pa., of the 14th of February, gives a graphic account of the proceedings had at a social gathering of the ministerial brethren of that city, at the house of the Rev. M. N. Cornelius, pastor of the First Presbyterian church. Some time was spent in pleasant intercourse in the pastor's study, after which they gathered around the social board, and partook of the refreshments which the kind host had caused to be prepared for his friends and brethren.

The parlor constituted the next scene of operations. Here the brethren freely indulged their propensity for speech-making. The burden of all their speeches bore upon the Rev. A. C. Whitmer, who has long labored in Altoona, but expects soon to transfer his labors to another field. They referred to the pleasant relations, which had long subsisted between him and them, and were expressive of their high appreciation of his character as a gospel minister and a Christian gentleman. It was all a surprise to Mr. Whitmer. The greatest surprise of all, however, was the formal presentation by his brethren of an easy chair, as a token of their respect, which he received as gracefully as he could, in the midst of the embarrassing surroundings.

The whole was a most enjoyable affair, and highly creditable to those by whom it was gotten up, as well as truly complimentary to the Rev. Mr. Whitmer. He separates from his brethren at Altoona, in the midst of most pleasant existing relations, and bears with him their good wishes, and is followed with their prayers to his new sphere of labor.

Rev. M. H. Sangree will enter upon the duties of his new pastorate in the Water Street charge on the 3d of March, and his installation is expected to take place on the 8th of March. His post-office address will accordingly be changed from Everett, Pa., to Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa.

Rev. W. F. Colliflower, pastor of the New Oxford charge, Adams county, Pa., and family, were favored with a surprise visit from a number of their friends, who brought with them and left at the parsonage quite a variety of articles, useful in a family. The presentation speech was made by the Hon. H. J. Myers, which was in every way happy and appropriate to the occasion, to which the pastor briefly, but feelingly responded. At the close of the speech-making, the company, made up of thirty-six persons, engaged in social conversation, interspersed with music. After they enjoyed themselves for a season, they retired to their homes, leaving behind them many pleasing impressions upon the minds of the happy inmates of the parsonage.

WESTERN CHURCH.

The Mission House, near Sheboygan, Wisconsin, we are pleased to learn, is doing its specific work with efficiency and success. Instruction is imparted in all the branches belonging to a collegiate and theological course. There are at present forty-six students at the institution, the most of whom are supported by the funds of the Church. It is proposed to enlarge the buildings, provided the means needed for the purpose can be secured. The estimated cost of the contemplated improvements is $2,000. This amount it is purposed to raise by securing twenty contributions of $100 each, and, if necessary, by smaller contributions. When the proposed additional accommodations are provided, more paying scholars can be admitted into the institution. In this way the influence of the Reformed Church among the people can be extended, and aid also secured in the support of beneficiary students.

In connection with a communion held in the church at Ganges, of the Shelby, Ohio, charge, of which the Rev. C. W. Good is pastor, on the 26th of January, thirteen persons were added to the church, five of whom received adult baptism. The pastor was assisted in the services by the Rev. H. M. Herman. They were well attended and full of interest.

Twenty-three persons were recently added to the church at Wooster, Ohio, of which the Rev. T. J. Bacher is pastor, in conuection with a communion, held at the close of a series of religious services, continuing through four weeks. Of these thirteen were received by confirmation, and ten by renewed profession.

A series of special religious services was held in the church at Fulton, Mich., of which the Rev. S. Ream is pastor. At their close, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, in connection with which five persons were added to the church. The pastor was assisted in the services by the Rev. D. H. Reiter.

In connection with a communion held on the 26th of January in the church at Richville, Ohio, of which the Rev. J. S. Stoner is pastor, four persons were added to the church, to which number another was added on the second Sunday after the communion. The communion was the closing service of a series of services held in the Richville church.

At Reedsburg, Ohio, four persons were added to the church by confirmation, of which the Rev. W. M. Albright is pastor, in connection with a communion held on the 9th of February, of whom three are males and heads of families. The services preparatory to the occasion were continued throughout the week previous, and other services were also held subsequent to the communion.

In connection with a communion held on the 2d of February, in the Mt. Olivet congregation of the North Lima, Ohio, charge, of which the Rev H. Hilbish is pastor, sixteen persons were added to the church, twelve by confirmation, and four by renewal of profession. A series of services of two weeks' continuance preceded the communion, in part of which the pastor was assisted by the Rev. H. T. Spangler.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the Salome church, of the Springfield, Ohio, charge, of which the Rev. J. Meckley is pastor, on the 9th of February, at the close of a series of religious services. On the Saturday previous, twenty-seven persons were added to the church, seven een by confirmation, of whom e ght received adult baptism, six by certificate, and four by renewal of profession Two infants also were baptized.

Two persons were added to the church at Copley, Ohio, of which the Rev. S. C. Goss is pastor, in connection with a communion held on the 9th of February The communion was preceded by a series of interesting and profitable services.

In connection with a communion held on the 2d of February, in the St. Jacob's church, of the New Lisbon, Ohio, charge, of which the Rev. J. T. Hale is pastor, three persons were added to the church by confirmation, two of whom received adult baptism, and two of whom also are heads of families. The communion was preceded by a series of religious services of one week's continuance.

Twenty-two persons, the most of them heads of families, were added to the church at Baltimore, Ohio, of which the Rev. W. H. Sandoe is pastor, in connection with a series of services, which were closed on the 27th of January. Five of the number received adult baptism.

Quite a number of our Western brethren were kindly remembered by their people during the past few months. Among these were the Rev. J H. Steele, of Mohican, Ohio; Rev. J. S. Stoner, of Navarre, Ohio; Rev. S P Myers, Anna, Illinois, and Rev. J. T. Hale, New Lisbon, Ohio. Special acknowledgments from the favored parties in each case, appear in the "Christian World." F.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The members of this Board are hereby called to attend the farewell meeting to be held with our Foreign Missionary, Rev. A. D. Gring, on Thursday, March 13, 1879, in the First Reformed Church, of Reading, Pa., (Rev. H. Mosser, pastor), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.; and for the transaction of business. As this is to be the final meeting with our missionary before his departure for Japan, it is important that every member should be present.

T. S. JOHNSTON, Secretary.
LEBANON, PA., Feb. 20, 1879.

ALMANACS FOR 1879.

The Reformed Church Almanac for 1879 is now out and ready for distribution. They may be had from our Publication Rooms, 907 Arch St., Phila, at the following reduced prices.

1 dozen copies	$0.65
50 copies	2 50
100 "	4.75
144 "	6 50.

When sent by mail, 12 cents per dozen will be added for postage. A specimen copy sent by mail on the receipt of 8 cents in postage stamps.

It will be found an excellent affair, and contains a large variety of matter calculated to impress upon the minds of Christians the duty they owe to God and to the Church. Not a family should be without a copy.

GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have procured a supply of the German Almanacs from the German Publishing House, Cleveland, Ohio, which will be sold at the following prices: A single copy sent by mail on the receipt of 12 cents in postage stamps. 1 doz. 90 cts., to which 17 cents must be added for postage, when sent by mail. When fifty or more copies are ordered, and they are sent by express, 7 cents per copy will be charged.

Married.

On the 18th inst., by Rev. W. I. Stewart, Mr. David Franklin, to Miss Mary Heller, both of Upper Strasburg, Pa.

On the 18th inst., in Mechanicsburg, Pa., at the parsonage of St. Paul's Reformed Church, by the Rev. W. R. H. Deatrich, Daniel S. Fahnestock, Sr. Esq., of Chambersburg to Miss Mary Bonebrake of Fayetteville, Pa.

At Friends Cove parsonage, on the 12th of February, by the Rev. D. M. Whitmore, Mr. Jacob E. Bingham of Charlesville, to Miss Helen Kessler of Rainsburg, Bedford Co., Pa.

At the Glade parsonage, Jan. 28th, 1879, by Rev. O. E. Lake, Mr. Franklin N. Zimmerman, to Miss Mary M. J. Stull. All of Frederick Co., Md.

At the same place, Feb. 19th, 1879, by the same, Mr. Sydney H. Wachter, to Miss Phoebe A. E. Smith, both of Frederick Co., Md.

On Jan. 2nd, 1879, at the Reformed parsonage, by the Rev. W. F. Colliflower, Israel M. Renold, to Miss Abbie W. Tomans.

On the same day, by the same, Charles F. Patterson, to Miss Susie S. Kepner.

On the 14th inst., by the same, John Strasbaugh, to Mary Ferris.

On the 28th inst., by the same, Alexander Kinaman, to Amanda Bollinger.

On Feb. 2nd, by the same, Thaddeus Wirand, to Annie B. Merklin.

On the 4th inst, by the same, Jonas Cronister, to Maggie A. Deardorf.

On the 6th inst., by the same, Lewis S. Wolf, to Lydia A. Renold.

On the 9th inst., by the same, John D. Yiher, to Ellen Q. Stumbaugh.

On Jan. 29, 1879, by Rev. J. A. Peters, Samuel E. Ball, of Lancaster, Pa., to Miss Minnie A. Strine, of Columbia.

At the Reformed parsonage, in Berwick, by Rev. T. Derr, on the 20th inst., Mr. James A. Ketcham, to Miss Emma J. Arner, both of Nescopeck, Luzerne Co., Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—On Feb. 1st, 1879, in Upper Leacock, Lancaster Co., Pa., Mrs. Catharine, beloved wife of Elder John K. Bachman, aged 40 years, 2 months, and 5 days.

Last October five years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Bachman were received, by confirmation, into full communion with Salem (Heller's) Church of the New Holland charge. In December following, the only child they then had, and also two sons of Mr. Bachman's by a former marriage, received Christian baptism Mrs. Bachman was deeply interested in the proper Christian training of her children, and it seemed very sad to have her taken away from the side of a child not quite two months old.

She was also a deeply interested member of, and an earnest worker in, the church. Her warm-hearted, frank and lively disposition, gained her many warm friends, so that her early death was sadly felt by the congregation, as well as by the community at large. A great deal of sympathy was manifested for the heavily afflicted husband and his bereaved children.

At the funeral the church was so full, that there was not even standing room for any more, while a large number could not get in at all. At least ten different denominations were represented, besides the large number of persons present, who belong to no church at all. It is not often that we see funerals at which there are so many sad hearts and tearful eyes.

The officers of the church acted as pall-bearers, and the pastor conducted the services, basing his remarks on the comforting words of the Apostle Paul in 2 Tim. iv. 6–8. We comfort ourselves with the thought that those who live in the Lord, also die in the Lord, and are at rest. D. W. G.

DIED.—Near Tusseyville, Centre Co., Pa., on the 12th of Feb., 1879, James Alden, son of William and Eliza Jordan, aged 7 years, 7 months, and 4 days.

DIED.—At Liberty, Dec. 20th, 1878, Solomon Fulton, aged 82 years and 18 days.

DIED.—At Harmony Grove, Dec. 28th, 1878, Annie M. Smith, aged 28 years, 8 months, and 1 day.

DIED.—At Brookhill, Jan. 18th, 1879, Lewis E. Staley, aged 4 months, and 27 days.

DIED.—Near Bethel Church, Jan. 30th, 1879, Solomon Stoup, in his 78th year.

DIED.—At Walkersville, Feb. 17th, 1878, John Baugher, aged 75 years, 11 months, and 2 days.

DIED.—In Nescopeck, Luzerne Co., Pa., on the 15th inst., Mrs. Martha M. Fultz, aged 16 years, 7 months, and 21 days.

DIED.—On the 8th of Feb., 1879, in Hopewell township, Bedford Co., Pa., Mrs. Susannah Bender, aged 83 years, 8 months, and 6 days.

DIED.—On the 10th of Feb., in Pattonville, Pa., Mary Patience, oldest daughter of John C. and Melissa Ritchey, aged 17 years, 5 months and 19 days.

Youth's Department.

OUTSIDE AND IN.

Just outside the window,
Through the cold night air,
Snowflakes falling softly,
Dropping here and there.
Covering like a blanket
All the ground below,
Where the flowers are sleeping,
Tucked in by the snow.
They are dreaming sweetly,
Through the winter's night,
Of the summer's morning
Coming sure and bright.

Just inside the window
Firelight ruddy gleams;
On the walls and ceiling
Dance its merry beams.
White as outside snowflakes
Is the little bed;
On the downy pillow
Rests a curly head.
Like the flowers, the child is dreaming,
Of the long, bright hours of play,
Coming as the darkness meleth
Into sunny day.

And above the sleepers,
Be they child or flower,
Our loving Father bendeth,
Watching hour by hour.
'Tis His love which giveth
Blessings great or small;
'Tis His sun which shineth,
Making day for all.

—*The Churchman.*

A LEGEND OF ZUYDERSEE.

Among the commercial sea towns of Holland six centuries ago Stavoren took the first place. The ships of its merchants covered the seas and imported the productions of all zones. Such an extensive commerce raised the wealth of this town to an unknown extent. It is true there were here, as elsewhere, many poor; but the wealthy outnumbered them. But also high life, luxury and magnificence, the usual companions of great riches did not fail because in foolish pride and ruinous zeal, one tried to excel the other in brilliancy, in the exhibition of valuable, splendid and extravagant feasts. The legend relates that there were many houses, like palaces, built with marble, the interiors ornamented with the most artistically inlaid work, covered with the richest stuffs, and provided with the rarest furniture, and the doors, instead of iron were bound with precious metals.

But of all the Stavoren merchants none could compare in riches with the Virgin Richberta. The good fortune that each of her speculations was richly rewarded, and not seldom with unexpected profits seemed to show in her to what degree she could lavish her gifts on a mortal, and how long allow her favors to be enjoyed. The commercial fleet of the Virgin merchant visited the remotest seas—and not only returned each time with the richest profits but with the most expensive wares, with ornaments, pearls and precious stones, which were employed in the palace of their mistress and shone on its walls.

Such unexampled good fortune the Virgin Richberta could not support with indifference, with which alone she could have enjoyed it; and if it is true what a wise man says, that great misfortunes are easier to be borne than immoderate happiness, Richberta was destined to be a glaring proof of the truth of the assertion. Her pride kept step with the increase of her riches, and she showed it both by contempt for her fellow creatures, and satisfying it by the most luxuriant, extravagant feasts, which she gave less to amuse and gladden the town than to give her guests opportunities to admire the ever new splendor of her apartments, be astonished at the foreign costly food and wine, and envy the giver.

At one of these extravagant, senseless repasts, offering nothing to the mind, and leaving the heart void, a strange guest was announced to the Virgin Richberta. He came from foreign countries, and he sent her word that he had seen many royal countries and the splendor of their courts, and he had come to admire Richberta's riches of which fame had reported miraculous.

The flattered mistress begged the stranger to take a seat at her side; he appeared to be still a robust old man, in the picturesque costume of the Orient, his conduct was dignified and noble, and he stepped to Richberta, expecting the welcome from her hands, which, according to the usage of his country, was given symbolically by the offering of bread and salt. But there was no bread on the luxurious table which groaned under the burden of rare palate-exciting dishes, and from which the simple nourishment of poverty was banished.

Silently the stranger seated himself, and in taking refreshments he related agreeably and instructively of his travels by land and water, of foreign nations and their customs, of his changes, his pleasures and misfortunes, of the perishableness of earthly goods, and the mutability of human happiness.

Every ear listened to the sounding words of the enigmatical guest; but not the Virgin Richberta. Her vanity could not expect anything else than that the stranger should be loud in his praises of her riches, the brilliancy of her feast, and would make comparisons, giving fresh nourishment to her pride; but on such subjects he was silent, till finally, demanded by herself, he confessed only by kings to have found such splendor and extravagance; the more singular, he concluded, to miss here the best and the noblest that the earth produced. In vain one tried to obtain a fuller explanation of the strange guest; he remained dumb, and on being questioned too pressingly and importunate, he disappeared and was not seen again.

Richberta's pride and curiosity, equally excited, allowed her no more quietude. She possessed in valuables all that could be mentioned, produced by land and sea; however, the very best should be wanting! She asked scholars and soothsayers, sent for magicians and dream interpreters; but none knew to name what she had not long possessed.

In her restless desire for the very best she had ships equipped to cruise all seas and lands, and not to return till it had been found.

The commander of her fleet put to sea undecided whither to direct his ships. One part he sent to the east and another to the west, while he himself, with his ships, relied on the favor of the winds. It happened, that by a leak, a part of the provisions was spoiled, and although there was no want of meat, wine and other objects of luxury, the flour and bread had become unfit for food, and the want of it was soon felt most severely. In this need the commander recognized clearly what he was obliged to consider the most delicious and best; not the spices and perfumes of India, the pearls from the bottom of the sea, the gold from the deepest diggings, but the simple everywhere thriving gift of nature, the indispensable, inestimable, nourishing and reviving bread.

He recognized now the sense of the obscure words spoken by the stranger, and his resolution was quickly taken. He steered to a Baltic harbor, where he took a full cargo of the finest wheat with which he sailed to Stavoren. Scarcely arrived, he appeared before the Virgin Richberta, who had not expected him so quickly, and announced to her, that he now knew what was the most luxurious and best of all possessions; he had found it, and in abundance brought it with him. He then related to his astonished mistress how he had obtained this knowledge, how the mysterious guest could only have meant the failing bread, and as he therefore believed, had executed his order in the most satisfactory manner.

But Richberta was not of this opinion, she cast reproachful looks at the confounded servant, and painfully suppressing her rage, she asked him, on which side of the ship he had taken the cargo; she was answered it had taken place on the right side. Well then, answered the haughty Richberta, I command you to cast the whole cargo into the sea from the left side.

In vain were all representations against this order; uselessly the faithful servant appealed to her heart in conjuring her not to annihilate the rich gift of God, but at least relieve the wants of the poor with it; uselessly he sent crowds of needy persons to her to soften her hard proud feelings; all was in vain, and before her eyes she had the rich wheat cargo, which could have given bread to so many, thrown into the sea amid the howlings and cursings of the multitude.

The bottom of the sea had received the cargo, but the grains became a sowing of ruin. Germinating in the mud and shooting up, continually covered with new earth, shot up a forest of stalks without ears, in unnatural growth always higher like sea fungus and spiders to the surface of the water, and as the oft moveable mass of the earth, therewith found a support, an immense sand-bank was formed before the harbor of Stavoren, which no human power was able to break through. The numerous ships of the town, also those of the rich Richberta, did not more find an entrance to the port, and were the sacrifices of the raging waves. Commerce and riches were destroyed, and continually recurring strokes of misfortune precipitated the proud Virgin Richberta, from the pinnacle of her splendor and happiness, into want and misery.

But the sea, to which an accustomed creek had been closed, raged with ever new anger against the bank, and during the storm of a dark tempest it broke through the dikes, flooded the town, and tore it with the foundations hastily into the sea like a long wished for booty.

Where Stavoren once stood rolls now the troubled waves of the Zuydersee. But when the clear water allows its bottom to be seen, the shippers see with horror, still now on the bottom, the proud towers and doors, the streets and the high gables of the palaces of this sunken, but once such a magnificent town.

PLEASE, GOD, SEND ME THREE COPECKS.

A Government functionary in St. Petersburg, living in the outskirts of that city, died a few weeks ago in utter destitution, leaving behind him, motherless and without friends or relations, two little children—one a boy of seven and the other a girl of three. Left in the house alone, without money or food, the boy did not know what to do to get bread for his sister. At last, urged by the little one's tears, he wrote on a piece of paper: "Please, God, send me three copecks [a penny] to buy my little sister a roll," and went to the nearest church to slip it into an alms-box, believing in his simplicity that the prayer would reach heaven through this medium. A priest passing by observed the child on tiptoe trying to thrust the paper in, and, taking the paper from him, read the message. Returning home with the child, he took the little ones to his house and gave them the food and clothing they so much needed. The following Sunday he preached a sermon on charity, in which he referred to the incident, and afterward went round the church with a plate. When the offerings were counted it was found that the congregation had given 150 roubles, or nearly $1,000.

THE TREASURES OF CYRUS.

A peasant at Michakoff, on the Dniester, is said to have just found, buried in the ground, a treasure supposed to be that of King Cyrus, conqueror of Crœsus. It consists of a crown, goblets, clasps ornamented with dragons' heads, sceptres, etc., all of gold, and representing, in weight of that metal only, a sum of 250,000 francs. They have been examined by the archæologist, Praglowski, who declares them to be of Persian origin. He supposes them to have belonged to King Cyrus, and to have been buried there by his attendants on his defeat in the battle of Massagetes, in which, according to some writers, he lost his life.

SPIDERS' EYES.

The more you study into things, the more wonders you will find, even in things so small as the eye of a spider. Eight is the usual number a spider has, and in each branch of the family they are differently arranged to suit their way of life. Those which live in caves, or dark holes, and need to see only before them, have all the eyes in a group on the front of the head. Spiders which live in a web have the eyes raised, so they can see all about them, and those of the family which travel about and hunt their prey, have them more scattered. They are very beautiful, too, looking—under a microscope—like round, polished diamonds

THE LITTLE CAVALIER.

He walks beside his mother,
And looks up in her face;
He wears a glow of boyish pride
With such a royal grace!
He proudly waits upon her;
Would shield her without fear—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

To see no tears of sorrow
Upon her loving cheek,
To gain her sweet, approving smile,
To hear her softly speak—
Ah! what in all this wide world
Could be to him so dear—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

Look for him in the future,
Among the good, the true:
All blessings on the upward way
His little feet pursue.
Of robed and crowned and sceptred kings
He stands the royal peer—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

George Cooper, in the Nursery.

AN AFGHAN BEAUTY.

The correspondent of a London paper describes an Afghan beauty as having blue-black hair, plastered stiff with gums, and either worn in various forms on the head or plaited in long braids down the back. The margins of the ears are pierced and decorated with rows of small silver rings, while large rings hang from the lobes. The neck and breasts are tattoed with little figures of stars and flowers, and the sparkle of the black eyes is enhanced by coating the lids with black antimony. The cheeks are rouged and dotted with little round moles of gold and silver tinsel fastened on with gum. A loose muslin or silk jacket of yellow, blue or red hangs below the waist, and wide trousers of silk or other colored material complete the indoor costume. On going out the lady wears leggings of cotton cloth, gartered at the knee; shoes of red or yellow leather and a boorkaposh or cloak. Some ladies wear horsehair veils, and others fasten vinaigrettes to their foreheads, ottar of roses or other scents. Afghan ladies exercise much influence over their semi-savage husbands, and one of Shere Ali's wives sometimes smartly boxes him on the ear with a slipper.

LOVE AND BE LOVED.

Every morning little Joan read a chapter in the Bible to her mother. One can never learn about God too early.

One morning she read the fourth chapter of the First Epistle of John. When she came to the nineteenth verse she read these words:

"We love Him because He first loved us."

"Whom do we love?" asked her mother.

"Our Lord and Saviour," replied Joan.

"Who loved us first?"

"The Lord; but, mamma, what do these words mean, 'He first loved us?'"

"They mean, my child, that God loves us long before we love Him. When you were born you did not love. You were a very little child, and you did not understand. But in the meanwhile God loved you, for He gave you kind parents, a cradle to sleep in, and clothes to wear. When you grew older you were often naughty, headstrong and disobedient; but in spite of that He loved you, for He gave you bread and meat, and health and strength; He gave you playthings and amusements; through His power you have been taught about the Lord Jesus, who came into this world to make you happy, and prepare you for heaven. This is why God loved you first."

"Now I understand!" exclaimed Joan.

"Well, do not forget," said her mother, "and remember that in return you must also love and serve Him."

The next day Joan's little cousin Mary came to make her a visit. Mary was not a very sweet-tempered child; she wanted to have her own way in everything; she wanted whatever any one else had.

Joan had a very pretty doll, which she was very fond of; but Mary liked it also, and wanted to take it. Joan refused, because she was afraid she would break it. Mary began to sob and cry; she sat down, covered her face with her apron, and refused to play.

Then Joan went to her mother, who was in another room.

"Mamma," she said, "Mary is naughty; she will not play; she does not love me."

"Do you wish her to do so?" said her mother.

"O, yes!" answered Joan, earnestly.

"Then act with her as God does with us—love her first."

Joan was silent—she knew that her mother was right. Then running to her cousin, she gave her the doll, saying:

"Here, Mary, take my dolly; we will play together."

Mary thanked her with a joyous look.

Joan helped her to dress and undress the doll, bending all her efforts to please her. Mary was delighted, and she spent a very charming afternoon.

When she went home she said to her mother:

"Joan is a very nice little girl. I like her very much. Will you let me give her that pretty picture-book I bought the other day?"

Her mother willingly gave her permission, but was much surprised that Mary should be willing to give away a thing which she valued so much.

"It appears," she said to herself, "that Joan has had a very good influence on my daughter. I never saw her so generous and good-natured."

The next day she gave her engravings to Joan.

Joan showed the pretty pictures to her mother.

"Would you have thought," said she, "that Mary would ever have given me anything like this?"

"Why, yes!" her mother answered, smiling, "a blessing always comes to those who love first."—*Christian Observer.*

Pleasantries.

"Eugenia, Eugenia, will you still insist upon wearing the hair of another woman upon your head?" "Alphonse, Alphonse, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

"Mary, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen," said a lady to her servant. "Well, ma'am, it's very kind of you to mention it, but he's from the country, you see, ma'am, and I'm afraid he's too shy and orkard in his manners, ma'am, for you to like him to come up into the parlor," replied Mary.

A skeptic who was badgering a simple-minded old man about a miracle and Balaam's ass, finally said: "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied an honest old believer with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it ain't as easy for a man to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass."

At the last meeting of Brother Gardner's Lime Kiln Club, the committee appointed to expend the sum of $15 in purchasing holiday supplies for deserving colored peop'e, reported that the money had been laid out in articles of clothing and provisions, which had been distributed and welcomed. The chairman of the committee added: "Dis committee foun' one ole woman widout a 'tater in de house or a stick of wood in de yard. She tole dis committee to come in an' sit down. De committee went in an' sot. She said she didn't keer for food or fire, but demanded dat dis committee buy her a new bonnet wid a stuffed bird roostin' on de upper story. Dis committee looked mighty solemn as it started for de doah. De ole woman looked mighty unsartin as she reached for a dipper full o' hot water. De committee a'journed by way of de only winder in de room, an' it would respectfully advise de club to de effect dat ingratitood in de human heart is not confined to de white folks alone."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

MARCH 9. LESSON 10. 1879.

Second Sunday in Lent. John ix. 1-7.

THE OPENING OF THE BLIND MAN'S EYES.

1. And as *Jesus* passed by, he saw a man which was blind from *his* birth.
2. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?
3. Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.
4. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.
5. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.
6. When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay,
7. And said unto him, Go wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is by interpretation, Sent). He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

COMMENTS.

We have in this chapter an account of a man who was born blind, 1-5. Christ opens his eyes, 6, 7. The man is questioned by his neighbors, 8-12. He is brought to the Pharisees, who question him again, 13-17. They question likewise his parents, 18-23. They once more question the man, who, vindicating the conduct and character of Christ, is excommunicated by them, 24-34. Jesus hears of his fate, finds him, and reveals Himself to him as the Christ—thus opening the eye of his spirit, 35-8.

VERSE 1. It was on the Jewish Sabbath (v. 4); likely in the morning. We must think of Jerusalem, of the Temple, and a gate-way, where the poor, miserable and blind sat and begged, (Acts iii. 2); and (v. 8). This man born blind is a type of ourselves who are all by nature and from birth with the eye of faith closed. The bestowing of the grace of faith is truly like the opening of the inner eye to the marvellous light of God. To open the eye of the spirit is more than the opening of the natural eye. (John xiv. 12).

VERSE 2. The connection between sin and punishment the disciples assume as a settled truth. That parents' sins are entailed upon children is also a fact declared by daily experience and the divine record (Ex. xx. 5). They seem to think that this man's affliction had anticipated his sin, perhaps, according to the saying of the apostle (1 Tim. v. 24).

VERSE 3. The sinfulness of parents and offspring is not denied by our Lord. They were sinners—father, mother, and son. Merely the direct visitation of a specific sin would He have them to dismiss. None of their sins were the direct cause of his blindness. "It is not a lesson of wrath," He would say, "but much rather an instance in which God may manifest His glorious attribute of mercy." Sin and its consequences are of the devil and man's disobedience. According to the plan of redemption, however, the wrath of demon and man shall be turned to His praise (Ps. lxxvi. 10). This man was brought to spiritual sight, through his affliction.

VERSE 4. Through the advent and works of Christ, the works of darkness and night were all sooner to be turned to day and glory. He only speaks here of the works which He is to perform during His stay on earth. This He calls His day. Hence He was diligently employed during His working day, though He knew that His very diligence would only hasten on the night of His death. But six months more remained until His crucifixion—His night. His work was to establish a plan of redemption.

VERSE 5. He compares Himself to the natural sun, whose province it is to dispense light. Very striking is the contrast between Christ, the Light, and the blind man—a child of night.

VERSE 6. His preliminary acts are to us mysterious. Doubtless He would create hope and confidence in the poor man's soul thereby. Out of clay and slime God created man in the beginning, and here again He shows a creative hand, as it were. The touch and the salve would tend towards arresting His attention, the exciting of hope and faith, it may be. Some feeble co-operation we must admit as necessary, unless we conceive of the man as mere clay in the potter's hand. These acts were, then, intended to nurse a faith into life and activity.

VERSE 7. A still further discipline and nursing is afforded Him by the mission on which He was sent, or led by some one. There was a germ of faith on hand, which showed itself active through His obedience.

Siloam. This was a fountain under the walls of Jerusalem. Because of its blessing to the city, the waters of which were conveyed to all homes and quarters, the pious Jews regarded it as God's gift. It was also made a type of Christ. The man knew of the sayings of this famous pool and went full of hope thither. How different was his conduct from Naaman. (2 Kings, v. 10-15). Without any debate, he goes on his errand. But he went still more gladly away. Cæsar once said, "*I went, I saw, I conquered!*" This poor beggar is abreast with Cæsar when he says, "*I went! I washed! I saw!*" (v. 11).

HOW CHILDREN SHOULD STUDY.

Children are often taught lessons from books before they are properly taught to walk, and long before they are taught properly to play. Play is held out to them, not as a natural thing, as something which the parent should feel it a duty to encourage, but as a reward for so much work done, and as a rest from work done; as though, forsooth, play were not itself a form of work, and often of work of a most fatiguing nature. Play, therefore, is not used as it ought to be used—as a mode of work which the child likes, but rather as a set-off against a mode of work which the child does not like, and which in nine cases out of ten he does not like because it is altogether unfitted for his powers; because Nature is protesting as loudly as she can, and as plainly as she can, that the child has not arrived at a period of growth when the kind of mental food that is forced on it is fitted for its organization. For children under seven years of age the whole of the teaching that should be naturaly conveyed should be through play, if the body is to be trained up healthily as the bearer of the mind. And it is wonderful what an amount of learning can by this method be attained. Letters of languages can be taught, conversation in different languages can be carried on, animal life can be classified, the surface of the earth can be made clear, history can be told as a story, and a number of other and most useful truths can be instilled without ever forcing a child to touch a book or read a formal lesson. Under such a system the child grows into knowledge, makes his own inventory of the world that surrounds him and the things that are upon it, and growing up free to learn, learns well, and eats and sleeps and plays well. In a child trained after this method, not only is health set forth, but happiness likewise—a most important item in this period of life.

REST REQUIRED.

The true worker understands the importance of rest, and rarely overtaxes himself; consequently he can work at any time. Many a man can work only at particular seasons and in particular moods. His mind is like a horse running loose in the pasture, and he cannot always catch it; at least, it will take some time to bring it up and put it into harness. Now it is evident that a man can do nothing in twenty minutes if it takes him half an hour to get his mind at work; but the true worker has his powers always at command. In any odd fifteen minutes he can do a full quarter hour's work. These fragments of time count up in the long run. The gift of work must be accompanied with the gift of resting. To get the most money out of a team of horses, not only must they be pushed hard when under harness, but between work hours they must be unharnessed, rubbed down, and made most comfortable. Some men manage their minds in so bad a way as to leave the harness on over night. They worry over their work during the intervals of labor, so that when they come back to their toil they are half exhausted before they begin. But the noted workers are those who in intervals of toil take things more easily. Such a one, when the work hour is over, drops his task and unharnesses his mind. Then, when called again to his work he can put his whole strength in it.

LEAD THEM HOME.

Lord, we can trust Thee for our holy dead,
They underneath the shadow of Thy tomb,
Have entered into peace: with bended head,
We thank Thee for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living—who in stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest-tossed!
Our dead have reached their haven, but for these—
Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for these, our loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer by night;
For these we cry to Thee through the long day.
We see them not, O keep them in Thy sight;
From them and us, be Thou not very far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
To where Thou standest at the heavenly gate;
That so, from Thee they shall not farther roam;
And grant us patient hearts Thy gathering-time to wait.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

We may not realize that our actions of to-day afford food for memory to-morrow. Then try to live aright. In youth, as we all remember, hope was our guide, anticipation and expectation were the animating sentiments; the mind looked constantly forward, plans and purposes were its chief activity. In mature years, as most of us know, realization takes the place of hope; the mind concerns itself more with now. Clearly there must be, as years accumulate, a gradual turning of the mind toward the past; memory will become the chosen companion; we shall live more and more in what we recollect. Youth dwells in the future; manhood in the present; age in the past. To ponder upon former years enters into the heart-life of age just as do the hope and prospect of years to come into that of youth. Each person is forming that element for his age by his life now. The hasty words, the foolish deeds, the neglects and omissions, the transgressions of to-day are the seeds for so many mortifications and sorrows to grow rank in the white-haired years. Whatever is wise, right, generous, self-sacrificing, honorable in the life of to-day, is a plant which will ripen thick with peaceful and pleasant memories in the days when memory is chief factor in happiness.

A God of grace invites us to the throne of grace, to receive out of the fulness of grace; under the teachings of the Spirit of grace: thus God provides for us, instructs us to know our wants, and then bids us come and have them supplied.

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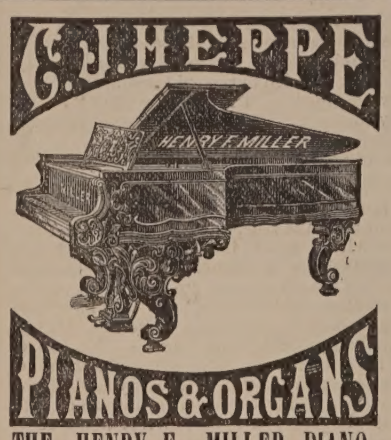
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" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	4:33
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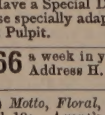
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General News.

HOME.

Archbishop Purcell, of the Roman Catholic Church, whose diocese is in Ohio, is involved in financial difficulties. $3,600,000 of claims have already been filed against him.

Congress has passed an act admitting women to practice law in the Supreme Court of the United States, after three years practice in the highest courts of the state in which they reside.

The Inebriate Asylum at Binghampton, N. York, is about to be turned into a State Asylum for the blind. Governor Robinson in his late message declared it to be a failure as far as its original purpose was concerned.

The United States Senate has by a vote of 39 to 27 passed what is know as the Anti-Chinese bill. This will restrict very largely the emigration which has set in from China, and affects even the earliest treaty made by Mr. Burlingame.

The administration building of the Soldier's Orphans' Home at Xenia, Ohio, was destroyed by fire some days ago. The loss to the state is about $75,000. The six hundred children had just gone out from breakfast, and some of the teachers and visitors made a narrow escape with their lives.

In the new Life of Bishop Cummins there are many interesting letters from prominent Episcopal divines who were with him in his early protests against High Church measares, but who failed to follow him when he organized the Reformed Episcopal movement in November, 1873. The elder Dr. Tyng, in 1863, congratulated him on an address he had made in the General Convention. "It was a noble testimony," he wrote; "worthy of the brightest and boldest of the great reformers—and all the saints of God will thank you for it." The Rev. Dr. Sparrow, at that time President of the Theological Seminary of Virginia, sympathized with him "most heartily" in his "endeavors to save our people from a retrogression to Rome." The Rev. Richard Newton, of Philadelphia, in writing to him of the words "regenerate," etc., in the service for infant baptism, acknowledged that they did teach "the horrible dogma that spiritual regeneration is inseparably connected with the use of baptism," and many men, he said, if the choice were forced upon them of "continuing to use these expressions or of laying down their lives, would infinitely prefer the latter course." Regarding the trial, at Chicago, of the Rev. Mr. Cheney, now Bishop Cheney, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, the Rev. Dr. Dyer, of New York, said he had not the shadow of a doubt that the proceedings were "anti-Christ" and that he should sin against God if he did not "treat them as null and void." If they were to be acquiesced in by the Church authorities, "then the sooner a stand is made the better."

FOREIGN.

The plague is said to be dying out in Astrakhan, and military quarantine has been relaxed.

The Anti-Socialist bill has been defeated before the German Richstag.

The English, Italian and French governments are taking steps to prevent the importation of American cattle. The Canadian Government have intimated to Mr. Hickson, General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, who has been in active communication with them respecting recent orders with regard to the importation into, and transportation through, Canada of United States cattle, that if the Western States will take the necessary steps to guard against the contagion spreading into their territories, which are at present free from it, they will use all their influence with the British Government to gain their consent to the shipment of cattle from the Western States through Canadian ports.

The war in Afghanistan is said to be costing the British government £100,000 per month. Troops have been sent to South Africa to suppress the Zulus. New modes of warfare are to be avoided, when their mode of operation is repulsive and revolting. The London *Spectator* regrets "to hear from eye-witnesses that the Indian Government has sanctioned in Afghanistan the expedient adopted by General Avitabile and Lord Dalhousie for putting down fanatic murderers. The men are shot, their bodies burned, and their ashes scattered. The notion is that this process destroys the soul, Mussulmans, holding that when Azrael summons the Faithful to meet on the Judgment Day, he will not be at the trouble to find bodies thus scattered to the elements." It affirms that those who practice or sanction such a proceeding labor under a delusion, the fact being that a Ghazee who dies slaying infidels, or through slaying infidels, mounts to heaven at once, according to their best theologians, without waiting for the Judgment Day, and that cremation does his soul no harm. To supplement the punishment of death by body-burning and ashes scattering, is worthy of the Indian Government, which takes the lives of culprits by tying them to the cannon's mouth and blowing them into fragments of mortality.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MUSIC—The London *Musical World* says: "Through the medium of its official press the Vatican has lately made known to the world a brief in which Pope Leo XIII. completing a work already begun by Pius the IX. decrees the unification of church music in all Roman Catholic Churches throughout the world. Pio Nono had considered that it would be more seemly, and that it would, as it were, solidify the faith if, instead of there being, as at present, one form of music used in one country and another in another, there should rise one sound of song, as there is but one form of prayer, throughout Latin Christendom, and to this end he instructed the Sacred Congregation of Rites to seek out, and re-write for modern use, the old Gregorian chant in its original purity."

A REMARKABLE SIGN—The report that the Porte has granted a concession to an English company for the construction of the Euphrates Valley Railway, and to a French company for the Jaffa Jerusalem line, has been very favorably received by the Jews in Jerusalem, especially as, according to their belief, a prophecy in the Scriptures will thereby be fulfilled. The Euphrates Railway, so it is proposed, will intersect the former provinces of Assyria and Babylonia, and will have stations at Mossul and Hillel, in the neighborhood of which towns are Assyrian and Babylonian ruins. It has been suggested at Constantinople that eventually a junction might be effected between the Euphrates line and the Egyptian Railway, which if carried out, would confirm the following prophecy of Isaiah (xix. 23): "In that day there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians."

Lord Beaconsfield's appearance in Parliament after the reception of the news of Princess Alice's death, is somewhat sarcastically described by a Manchester correspondent. He was perfectly made up in the deepest of mourning, which could not well have been deeper had the Princess Alice been his own daughter instead of the Queen's. He had on as far as one could judge, a new black hat, of the deepest of cloth. His scarf was black; his coat, vest and trousers were of the sablest hue; and altogether a more funereal figure could hardly be imagined than he presented as he walked to his seat with bowed head and soft tread, as if he were in the chamber of death itself. This was very much over-acted, and so, for that, was the speech in which he moved the address. He overdid the emotion. He presented in voice and manner the picture of a grief which in the nature of things it was impossible to feel.

LETTER LIST.

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Truxall, Rev A E.

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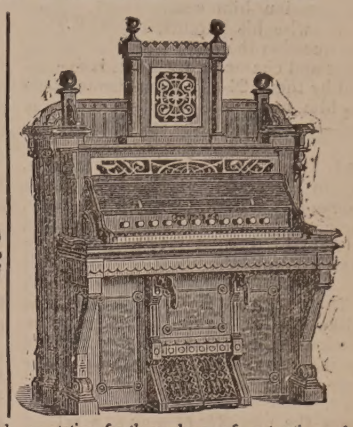

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